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A S E R M O N,

PREACHED IN

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

ST. GABRIEL STREET, MONTREAL,

ON THE

30TH OF NOVEMBER, 1835, (ST. ANDREW'S DAY).

By THE REV. H. ESSON,

SENIOR CHAPLAIN OF THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.

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MDCCCXXXVI.

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PREA

TO THE
PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENTS,
MANAGERS, AND MEMBERS
OF THE
ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF MONTREAL,
THIS SERMON,
PREACHED BEFORE THEM, AND PUBLISHED AT THEIR
REQUEST,
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF
RESPECT, GRATITUDE, AND AFFECTION,
IS DEDICATED,
BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT AND
OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

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PSALM CXXII.—VERSES 6, 7, 8, 9.

"PRAY for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

ALMIGHTY God "hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." As it is the ordinance of God, then, that the universal society of mankind should be divided into distinct Communities or Nations, we cannot doubt, that the different obligations or duties arising out of this distribution of the social world, are of divine authority—have a divine sanction. Though we have a common bond, uniting man to man, as made of one blood, partaking the same nature, which imposes upon us, universally, the obligation "to honor all men; and, as we have opportunity, to do good to all;" yet from the narrow limits within which our finite nature is circumscribed, in this imperfect state of being, the inference is ob-

vicious that there must be some definite and appropriate sphere, commensurate with our power and opportunity of action, within which our duties more immediately lie; and in being confined, in a great measure, within these limits, are more easily and effectually discharged.

Every man, in the first instance, is committed, by Divine Providence, to his own care. He knows best his own wants, necessities, interests. Every individual can best attend to his own proper concerns, and has, at the same time, the strongest motives to enforce attention to them. The first duties which a man owes, by the law of Nature and of God, he owes to himself; and for the discharge of these duties he is endowed with the powerful instinct of Self-Love, which possesses a strength commensurate with the paramount importance of the ends for which it has been implanted.

This principle, however, is not incompatible with the co-existing sympathies and affections which draw forth our regards, with almost equal force, towards objects without us. Self-Love, enlightened by reason and governed by conscience, is always in perfect harmony with those benevolent affections, which draw forth our souls from *self* and *sense*—to adopt the infinitely beautiful expression of an inspired Prophet, “with cords of a man, with bands of Love.”—HOSEA, Chap. XI. v. 4. Man’s purest, largest, and most exquisite happiness flows, not from contracting his

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affections within the narrow sphere of *self*; its petty interests and pleasures; but from having them drawn forth, multiplied, diffused to objects without us—around us—(A).

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As those who are nearest to us in the social union, are the most natural and ready objects of our care and sympathy, so the ties which attach us to them, are constituted, by the power of God, strong and enduring in proportion to the claims which the objects have upon us, and to our power and opportunity of serving and doing them good.

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The first and most intimate, therefore, of all our social relations, are those which subsist between the members of the same family; and the duties arising out of these are enforced by instinctive principles, implanted in the soul by the hand of God, and commonly known by the name of the Natural Affections. These are the first and mightiest bonds of human society, from which all the rest derive their origin and strength.

A family is the image or model of what a perfect national society may be conceived to realize; and as the domestic state is obviously ordained by Providence to be a school of training, to form us for the fellowship and intercourse of general society, it may be no unwarrantable inference, that the best spirit and constitution of a nation, is that which most nearly approximates to the laws and principles of a wise domestic economy—(B). A nation is only an aggre-

gate of smaller subordinate societies called families ; and the true characteristics of every nation, therefore, are to be sought, can only be found, in their domestic state. This is the original fountain of all those influences, which in youth, imbuing the heart and the mind, constitute the spirit and character of a people, in their collective capacity. If it be true that the man reflects the child, we may confidently lay it down as an axiom, that a nation reflects, upon a large scale, whatever there is of good or evil, perfection or imperfection in the parts of which it is constituted, in the private, particular domestic societies in which its members have been born, nurtured, educated, confirmed.

In fine, a nation is only a family upon a large scale, whose members, though widely dispersed and thrown, for the most part, to a great distance from each other—all live under the same government—are subject to the same laws—for the most part profess the same faith—have a community of feeling and interest, opinion and sentiment, of manners, customs, habits—and both in their inward and outward life, have manifold points of contact, and ties of connection, uniting them in the most powerful bonds of sympathy ; and, by their continued influence and action, cementing and perfecting that union.

The transition is, therefore, easy and natural from the ties and duties of *home*, to the kindred ties and duties of the more enlarged sphere of a general or national society.

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We cannot fail to admire the benevolent wisdom of God in this beautiful order and distribution, in this nice gradation of the parts and members of the social body. Every part is a miniature reflection of the whole ; and in fulfilling our individual duties, in each subordinate part, we may rest assured that we shall best consult the harmony and well-being of the whole. By devoting ourselves to the faithful discharge of the duties of private and domestic life, by serving the interests of our family, kindred, neighbourhood, we most effectually promote the welfare of our country ; and we need not be apprehensive, that in seeking, by legitimate means, in an enlightened spirit, to advance the prosperity and improvement of our country, we shall hinder the general good of the human race.

It is plain, therefore, that nothing can be more repugnant to all just views of human interest and duty, than the doctrine of those who would repudiate Patriotism as unworthy to hold a place in the class of social virtues, because it appears to their view incompatible with philanthropy or universal benevolence. As well might it be argued, that the natural affections, which knit us together in domestic life ; or that the ties of esteem and friendship, which cement an intimate and indissoluble union between kindred minds, are adverse to the general good of society and of mankind. Will a man bear less good-will to his species that he has a heart fraught with warm and generous affections towards individuals of the Species? Will

the fact of his being a tender husband, a kind father, a faithful friend, indispose or disqualify him for the general offices of humanity? Will he, who has a heart that beats warmly at home, and by his own fireside, and pours forth freely its genial affections towards his own domestic circle, shut up his bowels of compassion from all his fellow men without that circle? or will he be less fitted to sympathise with other fathers, husbands, families, around him? Are a man's affections less likely to spread through the wide circumference of the society of a Nation, that they are *largely, warmly* drawn forth towards the little community of his family and his home? If so, then the man who is most centered in self, is best prepared to exercise the divine virtues of general benevolence, of universal charity; and the fewer and looser ties we have to individuals of our race, the better disposed and fitted shall we be, to love them in the mass! Then is a Monastery, or a Hermitage the best school to train us up for the intercourse of the active world, and the practice of all the social and domestic virtues! The sophistry of this *loveless wisdom*—of this *heartless philosophy*, may be thus simply confuted in the mere statement of its principle. It proceeds upon the fallacy, or, as I might not unwarrantably pronounce it the falsehood, that he who does not love *any man* individually, can love *all men* collectively. He who loves man after this metaphysical fashion—who loves him merely in the abstract; or whose affections grow warm and vigorous just in proportion as their objects are removed to a

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distance from him, and out of the sphere of his benevolent sympathy and good offices—loves them not at all—he loves only himself—he is “the wretch centered all in self!”—(c).

The general conclusion, therefore, is, that he who feels most warmly the affections; who discharges most faithfully the duties of domestic life, is the best prepared to act well his part towards his country; and he whose affections have spread themselves over the wide expanse of a nation, will have made no mean progress towards the consummation of the illustrious virtue of Philanthropy, or Universal Charity—(d). As Patriotism grows out of the natural affections—“the tender charities of Father, Husband, Brother”—so in its progressive expansion, growing with our growth, strengthening with our strength, increasing with the enlargement of our intellectual and moral faculties, it continues to develope and unfold its mysterious and mighty power, until it is matured and perfected into the sublime and Godlike virtue of Universal Love—

“Friend, kindred, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 Our country next, and next all human race.”

Beyond this it cannot extend, until we reach that higher state in which “we shall no longer see in part, or know in part; but that which is perfect being come, that which is in part shall be done away.” When the redeemed soul shall be united with the

general society of glorified Spirits in heaven, gathered out of all tribes, and kindreds, and nations, and peoples, and tongues, the expansive affections, which were partially developed in the probationary discipline of life, shall attain their perfect consummation, so as to embrace the whole family of God in earth and in heaven. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away; but charity never faileth."

Love is not to be exhausted either by concentration or diffusion. It is capable of indefinite increase and expansion. It is a fountain which becomes fuller the more abundantly it flows. The more its streams are multiplied, diffused, extended, the fuller is *their* supply—the greater *its* overflow. Man is only the *channel*—heaven is the *source*. The living, eternal fountain, which fills all the streams of human affection and benevolent sympathy, is with that God "who is Love; in whom all fulness dwells;"

"Who lives through all life; extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided; operates unspent."

"The streams which make glad this wilderness, flow from the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High." The light, which cheers and cherishes our world, emanates from God's Eternal sun, whose glorious influence fills heaven and earth, and suffers no diminution of its inexhaustible fulness from the

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In further illustration of this subject, I shall endeavour to unfold the nature and origin, the constituent elements and progressive developement of the Patriotic affection—of the love of our country; and shall conclude with an application of the principles thus unfolded, to the subject of this day’s commemoration.

If we enquire into the nature of the affections which so powerfully attach us to our country, we shall readily perceive that they are all of a virtuous and amiable kind; and such as, in proper circumstances, must spring up in every well constituted mind—in the breast of every right hearted man. What, then, are the sentiments and feelings associated with the idea of our country? The first and most prominent image which rises up to the mind’s eye, is our early home—the Paternal Roof, with all its deeply-traced impressions—the tender, pensive, sadly-pleasing memory of its departed joys, all treasured up in the heart’s core, mingling with the living, glowing fountains of moral life and sensibility, identified with the soul’s most intimate and essential being, entwined with the living fibres of the heart, to be severed only with the last ray of parting life. There is not—there cannot be aught of worth in that bosom which beats not—burns not with fervent emotion in the remembrance of the Home of our

youth, and all that we loved or enjoyed there—all that we felt of grief or gladness, of joy or woe. What time can e'er efface from the soul the deeply engraven image of life's fair morn, when the smile of nature, and the smile of maternal love, shed their kindred beams upon the opening sense; awakening the first throb of love—kindling the sacred flame of sympathetic feeling responsive to the voice of Nature and of God—quickenning the elements of our moral nature into vital action—instilling the first drop of heaven's nectar into the cup of life, and weaving the first mysterious link in that golden chain which binds the heart of man to "this pleasing, anxious Being." Who is he that can forget all the dear, the sacred recollections of a mother's love—of a mother's tender sympathy—of her ever-watchful, never-wearying care; or, the not less impressive tokens of that calm, but deep affection, which penetrating a father's sterner nature, melted the manly soul into almost feminine tenderness and sensibility.

Can we forget the tale of wonder and of pity, which the credulous ear drank in with all the eager avidity of attention; listening, as if some charm, wrought by wizard-hand, had fascinated and spell-bound the mercurial nature of childhood, into a voiceless, breathless, motionless statue; or the prayer lisped at the maternal knee, with little hands enclapsed with formal grace, and meek solemn look lifted up and fastened on the mother, who hung over

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the little cherub the while, her heart yearning, as she silently gazed, with unutterable love. Can we forget, when our tender frame first felt the touch of sickness, the throb of pain, who watched, who wept over our couch, and left no fond art untried to beguile our sense of anguish, and to hush our clamorous complaints with an affection, ever ingenious to invent new arts of soothing and pleasing the capricious humours of childhood, and delighted with every momentary triumph of her fondly endearing wiles, as she beheld the little mourner smiling through tears.

Can we forget the lessons of early piety, instilled with unwearying care, into the yet unseasoned mind, to imbue the virgin soul with its first best influence ; or the anxious solicitude which watched over us, while “in the slippery paths of youth with heedless steps we ran ;” or that patient meekness of wisdom, which was ever ready to stoop down to the level of childish apprehension, for the purpose of imparting needful warning or instruction ; and even, to appease the eager impatient importunity of childish curiosity, would unbend from its most serious thoughts and suspend its gravest occupations.

He, who remembers not, or remembers unmoved, all that filial affection is so fond thus to inventory and garner up in the heart, of the paternal home and its endearments, may hear the name of country, but can feel no emotion at the sound.

"That man hath no music in himself;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Could I go on to trace all the various impressions which in life's earliest, happiest season are stamped upon the young ingenuous glowing heart, I should, in so doing, unfold in due order and succession, as nature developed them, the very rudiments of all those sentiments which meet and mingle in that mighty passion which binds us to home; forging the first, the strongest link in that chain, which rivets the heart of man to the land of Home—to the land of his Fathers.

Youth is the season of innocence, simplicity, and guileless truth and trust. The soul then spontaneously opens and attaches itself to what is pure and good and lovely. The world has not hardened—vice has not yet seared the heart. Our blessed Redeemer has borne emphatic testimony to its purity, guilelessness, and susceptibility of all good influences. He took a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples, and said, "verily I say unto you, ye must become as this little child, if ye would enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In this auspicious season of life, we look upon the Creation of God, in all the freshness of unworn feeling—in the fulness of hope and sensibility—and through the unstained brightness of an imagination,

whose translucent purity gives back to the soul the image of things, in that aspect and form, in which God and Nature present them ; and the heart is responsive to their impressions, as the chords of a well tuned instrument to the hand of the master who touches, with the same skilful fingers with which he strung them.

In fine, this is the season when we feel all the power of truth—all the charms of nature—all the enchantment of love and hope—and all the divinity of virtue. It is at this season, when the soul thus feels an instinctive sympathetic attraction for all that can nourish it with high, holy, and generous thoughts, that nature is busied in the task of storing the yet vacant, unfurnished mind, with her fairest images—with her best influences.

The spirit of man, when pure, and disentangled from the selfish cares, and debasing influences of earth, is susceptible of deep and lasting impressions from objects, as well of the natural, as of the moral world. "As the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," we need not wonder that the beautiful or majestic forms and scenes of the visible creation strike the eye and the sense, and with a secret mysterious influence, which all feel, though few can interpret, captivate and enchant the soul. The power with which the beauties and glories of the sensible world act upon our moral nature, is derived from a spiritual source—

from a sacred fountain. The impressions of which we are thus conscious, are akin to those that are produced when we look upon the human face divine, radiant and glowing with the effusive beamings of the awakened spirit within. The glory, the majesty, the loveliness, which fill our hearts with ravishment, belong not to material nature, are not inherent qualities of her dead forms, neither are they mere fantastic illusions, to mock our souls with their vain shews; but emanate from that one Eternal, incomprehensible Spirit, which "is above all, and through all, and in all," whose ineffable, uncreated splendours pierce through the dark cloud that envelopes our mortal state, like the rays of the sun, streaming through the evening skies. These are the bright footsteps of Deity—the far-reflected radiance of his skirts—the distant wandering beams which come, as it were, like heavenly scouts to announce to us the fulness of that glory from which they are emitted—the glory of him "who is light"—"and never, but in unapproached light, dwelt from eternity."

To what other cause can we attribute the attractive force of that spiritual, ethereal loveliness which invests all the beautiful shews and forms of nature; or the mighty, the mysterious power of her sublime objects and aspects to elevate and entrance the soul. How otherwise shall we account for the fact, that the emotions which are thus awakened, are akin to the sentiments of religion; and, if they do not constitute her essential spirit go, at least, to fan and feed her

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sacred flame. Who is not conscious of the effect of such contemplations to raise our hearts from Nature up to Nature's God. The chords of the living lyre, responsive to these impressions of visible nature, are waked to ecstasy, and the tones which they yield are in perfect unison with those which speak the language of a heart rapt to heaven on the wings of faith and devotion. The love of nature is a prime source of poetic inspiration; it is a kind of natural, spontaneous devotion—(E). The spirit of religious faith and feeling, or the capability at least, is inseparable from the genuine, fervent love of nature and her works; and we may confidently affirm, that to hold communion with Nature, is to hold communion with Nature's God.

And, consequently, in countries where man has not yet departed from primitive patriarchal simplicity—where, in the lap of nature, he lives the life of nature, with all her forms and scenes and objects continually present to his view, and breathing their power and influence into his heart, he is what God designed him to be—a creature of pure and elevated thoughts, of lofty sentiments, generous passions, of warm, blameless affections. It is not, therefore, those who inhabit the most fertile and beautiful regions, exempted by the privilege of nature from care and toil, from penury and pain, that are animated with the highest patriotism, or feel most warmly the love of their country; but it is the hardy and frugal population of barren, wild, and picturesque regions,

who live much under the open sky, breathe the free fresh air of heaven, are not imprisoned in *cities vast*, plunged in smoke and dust amid the works of man, but live and move and have their being amid the works of God, and, free from luxury and ambition, are contented with simple natural enjoyments : these are the men whom the love of country fills, warms, inspires—taking possession of the whole mind—the whole man.

To the ties with which the love of nature binds us to our natal soil, let us add those kindred, and for the most part concomitant ties, which are formed by the influence of the oral, historical, traditional, legendary lore of a nation, floating down in a golden tide from age to age, and generation to generation, increased by continued accessions in its progressive course. The whole face of such a land is like one vast history, one ample record of the past : not a spot that does not speak to memory or to fancy of some departed hero or martyr, of some deed or adventure of deathless renown, of some moving, melting history or tale of love or pity, terror or wonder—

“ 'Tis hallowed ground where'er you tread.”

The aged rock overgrown with moss—the grey cairn on the moor—the solitary stone with its rude sculptures—or the ruined tower or castle, the monument reared to perpetuate a name—or the wrecks which mark the downfall and desolation of the mightiest

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and most enduring works of human power and pride, are all *eloquent of the past*. The tales of other times—the deeds of the days of other years, weave insensibly those secret links in the subtle chain which binds the past to the present, which associates the moral as it were with the natural world, and blends with the idea of the land of our birth and our fathers, that of every character, of every deed or event which can shed a glory around it. The past thus unveiled to the reverted eye, we look back through a lengthened vista of ages, and behold, through this medium so fascinating, especially to the youthful imagination, the majestic, the venerable forms of the great—the good of other times ; we sympathise with their glory and their virtues, with their triumphs and their sufferings, till at length they blend themselves with the idea of our common country. It is sentiments like these which form the very spirit of patriotism, which melting and mingling into one mighty passion, take captive the whole soul, and bind it with such force—that no time can dissolve the tie—to the land of our birth—to the land of our sires.

Nor let it be deemed below the dignity of the subject or of the place, if I join with these the potent influence of popular music and song, breathing into the youthful ear and heart, all that is tender, impassioned, elevated in the circle of the social and domestic affections—touching upon the loves, the joys, the fears, the hopes, the lights, the shades of the every-day life of the people ; subjects that come

home to the bosoms of all, and form, as it were, the very stuff of which the heart, the soul of a nation, is made up.

But there is a sentiment more powerful than all that I have stated, which gives to them all their vital energy and quickening spirit. The sentiment of religion is that without which we can see nothing great, or beautiful, or glorious in earth or heaven. Take this away, and every affection of the human heart withers and dies: as a plant, deprived of the light and heat, is bereaved of its bloom and verdure and freshness, droops as it fades, and ere it dies, "all soiled, is laid low in the dust." Take this away, and even material nature shrinks at once from her sublimity and majesty into meanness—into a dreary void; her glory fades away as the flower of the grass, as the transient splendour of the evening cloud, as the meteor swallowed up in the darkness from which it sprung. We form a most inadequate estimate of religion, of the extent of her power and empire, if we confine our view merely to her *special and direct influence on the human heart*. The light, the glory which she sheds upon our world, upon our nature, are reflected from every object of sense and of thought, and are perceived, felt, enjoyed, not less in this *secondary reflection*, than in their *first impression*. Like that primeval light which arose obedient to the voice of the omnipotent Creator in the beginning, to shine out of the darkness of Chaos, creating by its diffusive smile, all the bright and various coloring which spreads enchantment over

the face of nature, and delights the eye, the soul of every beholder—(F). But to this topic it is impossible for me to do justice within our present limits ; I can only, in passing, touch upon it in this very general way.

Having thus endeavoured to illustrate the origin, nature, elements, and progressive developement of patriotism or love of country, I now proceed to apply the foregoing remarks to the subject of this day's commemoration—(G).

We are met this day, my countrymen and brethren, to cherish and quicken in our hearts, the tender, pleasing, inspiring recollections of the land of our birth, of our fathers, of an ancient and renowned nation, whose glory awakens a generous pride in our bosoms, while her many virtues hallow her name and endear her to our hearts.

In speaking of our common country in the strain of filial pride and admiration, I would not that aught I may say, should minister to the greedy appetite of vulgar vanity and flatulent self-conceit, which would shelter its own conscious worthlessness behind the splendour of its country's name, or debase, by vile and heartless flattery, the glory and the virtue with which it hath no living sympathy—which it cannot estimate, because it cannot feel—having nothing in itself of kindred excellence. Nothing savours less of the spirit of a pure and noble patriotism, nay nothing

can be more alien from that spirit than the vain-glorious pride which, in fondly exalting the claims of its own country, would meanly and invidiously disparage those of other great and renowned lands. I see around me this day the sons of other illustrious nations—equal in all noble fame—all possessing such a rich inheritance of national glory, as may well preclude envy, on the one hand, or mortification, on the other. I am persuaded I shall carry along with me the sympathies of all, when I say that we are brethren; and our emulation is, that of brothers without envy or jealousy. That man is incapable of estimating and feeling the worth of his own country who would detract one iota from the just merits of a rival, or whose heart would grudge to pay the willing and cheerful meed of applause down to the last mite. Indeed, I reckon this one of these auspicious occasions on which the natives of various lands, meeting together with a mutual sympathy, with equal pride, find—in the participation of each others' national and patriotic feelings—a new and stronger bond of mutual respect, admiration, and attachment, drawing closer at once the ties that bind the individual to his country and to his species—(H).

Did time permit me to expatiate in so wide a field, I might set before you the various claims which our country possesses to our grateful and admiring affection. I might go back through a lengthened succession of ages and generations, during the revolution of more than a thousand years, and point out the various

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steps of her memorable career, and challenge comparison with any of her cotemporaries, in any of the national virtues, which were held in honour at the time.

From the first dawn of civilisation at least, we find Scotland standing forth among the foremost of the nations of Europe, in all the stern valour and martial pride of the feudal ages.

True, much of the fierce and barbarous is mingled with the glory of high heroic daring, and chivalrous enterprise. But this is the fault of the age—this is to be imputed to the infelicity of the times, and it is common to her, with all her cotemporaries.

I might, in the next place, present her to you in the proud and imposing attitude of the heroic champion of her national independance; her indignant spirit, disdaining to bend the neck to a foreign yoke, spurning from her slavery and chains, and with lion heart, maintaining the most prolonged, the most unequal and glorious struggle against the overwhelming superiority of a mighty rival, fired with ambition and flushed with recent conquest. I might shew her as, with a noble scorn of tyranny, she strove undaunted "through bleeding ages;" daring, suffering, periling all in the sacred cause of her *freedom*; borne down by superior numbers—but from every successive fall, rebounding instantly on her foe—rising more terrible from her most disastrous defeats—and when

at last she seemed trampled under the feet of her insulting conqueror—starting suddenly from her prostration, and collecting all her might, with one convulsive effort of dilated strength, she heaved from her indignant bosom on Bannockburn's glorious field, the incumbent load of oppression—inflicting upon the arms of England, long inured to victory, a terrible defeat, to which her annals present no parallel. The history of the world does not record a more glorious or more heroic struggle for national independance, maintained for such a length of time, against such fearful odds. Nothing in this terrible crisis but the buoyant, indomitable energies of the national spirit—the unquenchable fire of freedom, enkindling all the martial soul of her people, who, in this glorious strife, poured forth their blood as if it had been water, could have averted her ruin or saved her from the *paralysis* of despair—(1).

Or I might, with a nobler sentiment of generous pride, in which you could not but sympathise with me, direct your attention to the *vestal fire* of the genius of our land during the same memorable epoch, enkindled and glowing on the altar of her late dearly, but gloriously earned freedom, bursting through the dense clouds of feudal ignorance and barbarism. So early as the end of the thirteenth, or the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Scottish Muse is heard pouring forth those strains, in which the fire of a martial spirit is at times beautifully contrasted with, and relieved by those touches of tender pathos, of

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natural humour, and that glow of kindly social feeling which characterise her effusions in happier times. From this early period the literary genius of our country rose with a majesty and power to which we shall scarcely find a parallel out of Italy; and when we consider the circumstances of the age and the evils incident to a feudal society, a feeble government, a factious nobility, and a warlike and turbulent population—evils felt in Scotland in their extremest pressure—we cannot but contemplate with conscious pride and elation, the irrepressible energies of the genius of her people triumphing over every infelicity of the times, and illuminating with its splendour the gloomy night of gothic barbarism and superstition. A succession of poets from the age of Wallace and of Bruce, down to the era of our illustrious Buchanan, adorn, by the lustre of their names, the otherwise barren and uninteresting annals of the times; and, prior at least to the Elizabethan age, entitle Scottish literature, without all question, to the palm of superiority over that of the sister kingdom. In fine, the early poetry and literature of our country exhibit no unworthy first-fruits of the full maturity and abundance of that golden harvest, which has been realised during the past and present century—(κ).

If we come down to times less remote, when the cloud of ignorance and barbarism, which had long hung dark and lowering over Europe, during the middle ages, began to be dispelled, and the dawn of reviving letters and religious liberty emancipating the

human mind from the thralldom of ghostly tyranny, opened the cheering prospect of a new and better era in the civilisation of the world, we find Scotland combating, in the foremost van of the nations of Europe, without any abatement of the force and fire and fervour of her ancient spirit, and persevering with a stern, stoical resolution in the dubious and fearful strife, until she burst the chains of a servile superstition and shivered to fragments the sceptre of papal and priestly tyranny ; nor did she breathe from her glorious toil, until the last stone was placed upon the finished temple of her religious liberty—(L).

But scarcely was this great and arduous revolution achieved, through the energies of the people, when the ill-fated house of Stuart, now seated upon the throne of the two kingdoms, sought to impose upon her indignant sons an unpopular Church establishment. By this rash and ill-omened attempt, they aroused the slumbering energies of that *prefervid* spirit, so characteristic of the nation, and so forcibly expressed in the pithy motto and significant emblem emblazoned on her scutcheon. They aroused, in an evil hour for themselves, those slumbering fires which burst forth into a conflagration, destined ultimately to consume their throne and their house. A handful of peasant patriots, in a few of the western counties, stood forth, with true Spartan daring, to stem the rage of tyranny ; and, in a distant age, to re-enact the glorious sacrifice of the ancient Thermopyle, where a devoted band of three hundred Lacedemonians offered themselves as

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a voluntary hecatomb, and poured forth their blood to redeem their country. The Spartan heroes were soldiers from their youth—trained to arms—to whom war, by education and habit, was a sport, a pastime ; they were led on that memorable occasion by their prince, the immortal Leonidas. But in this instance, a few peasants, without any leader of illustrious birth, talent or name—without military discipline—and almost without arms—stood forth, with dauntless resolution—the three hundred of Sparta without their Leonidas, to defy the combined forces of a powerful government of a mighty nation, and of a disciplined army under a captain of consummate genius, valour and experience in the art of war ; and by their noble self-immolation on the altar of Religious Liberty, purchased for their country, in this her final conflict for all that is most dear and sacred to a people—the crown of Victory and Freedom—and won for themselves the double glory of martyrs and of heroes. These village Hampdens, these rural Tells of Scotland, have, in my esteem, brightened the otherwise gloomy era of our country's humiliation and sufferings, under the civil and religious tyranny of the house of Stuart, with the purest splendour of a fame, consecrated by the holy cause of Religion and Liberty, in whose vindication it was so nobly won ; and illuminated with the supernumerary glory, reflected from the rich inheritance of national blessings which they purchased with their blood, bequeathing to future ages in their example, the glorious lesson that nothing on earth is able to subdue the all-daring,

all-enduring spirit of Freedom, in sacred league with Faith. Tho' dead, they yet speak; their names live hallowed and cherished in the recollection of their grateful country; *their very dust is dear to her people*; and the pious hand of the aged pilgrim has, even in our day, been seen, with venerating affection, removing the moss and the rubbish that have gathered over their simple graves, disclosing to the eye of all who visited the hallowed spot, the legible record which preserves their name and memorial—(M).

In all the struggles which were necessary to prepare the way for Britain's liberty—civil and religious, Scotland stood foremost, acted a most prominent and distinguished part; and let it be recorded to her honor, that while she struck the first blow against the tyranny of the house of Stuart, she hasted afterwards to support the falling throne; and was the last to yield to the lawless, but resistless force of a military usurper, who was on the eve of sinking beneath her arms, had not rash councils, and the fiery, impetuous valour of her soldiery precipitated them in evil hour into action, to their own ruin, and the unexpected triumph of their despairing invader. But, though all her striving against the tyrant was in vain—though overborne in the contest by his superior policy or fortune, her spirit was never quelled—could never be subdued. The fetters which stamped their print upon her body, did not reach her soul; and nothing could be more prompt or decisive, than the act by which Scotland set her seal to the glorious revolution,

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Since the union of the kingdoms, I should find more than ample matter in the domestic annals of Scotland to rear a splendid monument to her fame, were all the preceding portions of her history utterly barren. Since that auspicious era, she has not only well sustained, but infinitely surpassed her ancient reputation in arts, in arms, in science, commerce, literature; she has cultivated the arts of peace and civility with the same energy with which she fought, in less propitious ages, the battles of national independence and of Religious Liberty. When we contemplate the relative proportion of her territory, population and resources, it must be confessed, that rarely indeed, has such a fabric of national greatness and glory been reared, under such disadvantages, by a people so few in number, with such scanty means and materials, in a field so narrow and unpromising—(O).

Nor would it be a monument unworthy of our country's fame, that might be reared out of materials, drawn from the history of her sons, who, in every period of their country's annals, have issued from her bosom to seek fortune and fame in foreign lands; many of whom have been highly distinguished in all the various walks of active enterprise; whether in the arts of war or peace, or in the pursuits of trade and commerce; in the perilous task of exploring new and unknown regions of the globe, by land or sea; or in

extending the power—the influence—the empire of Britain, by carrying to her colonies and dependencies the precious tribute of their intelligence, industry, knowledge, talent and enterprise. It is matter of wonder and regret, that no pious patriotic hand has, as yet, been employed in the interesting task of collecting and digesting into one general record, all that can now be rescued from oblivion, of what has been achieved for the fame of their country and the good of mankind by those eminent Scotsmen, who, in all ages have periled their lives abroad, in projects and enterprises of war, literature, science, discovery, commerce and colonisation; distinguishing the several classes, recording the names, lives and actions of the most remarkable in each department; noting what is memorable in their achievements; and winding up the whole with such a general estimate, as it may now be possible to form of the influences and effects—whether partial, local and temporary—or general and permanent—which may be justly attributed, in such circumstances, to Scottish genius, talent and enterprise. In what region of the globe are not our countrymen or their immediate descendants to be found? and where do they wander over the wide earth, and not carry with them, speaking generally, intelligence and worth equal, if not superior, to those among whom they sojourn—with whom they incorporate themselves? The daring, adventurous spirit of her hardy sons has surmounted every barrier—penetrated every clime—and pushed its resistless career to the uttermost ends of the earth; from where

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"first the sun gilds Indian mountains, to where his setting beams flame on the Atlantic isles;" from the whirlwinds and tornados of the Tropics, to the frozen Alps and floating icebergs of either Pole. Urged by the infelicities of their native earth—its narrow bounds—its sterile soil—its variable skies and inhospitable clime, her sons have been constrained, not only to work out the very materials of national wealth by their inventive genius—their scientific skill—their all-conquering industry and perseverance, but finding Scotland, Britain, nay Europe too narrow a field for their adventure and enterprise—they have spread themselves over every clime—have indeed made the *ocean their highway—the world their home*—(P).

I believe I am borne out by facts, when I state that a great part of Scotsmen in the British colonies or in foreign parts, who have made a figure, or won either fortune or fame, have sprung from the body of the Peasantry, a class of men who, in almost every other country, are condemned, as it were, by the fate of their birth and blood, to hereditary and hopeless depression; the want of the means of education precluding all but the bare possibility of their emerging from penury, obscurity, and gross ignorance to better fortune, or a higher sphere. What Universities, Colleges, and Academies have accomplished in raising the intellectual character of the higher ranks of society; the national establishment of Parish Schools has achieved for the peasantry of Scotland. Even those who occupy the last and lowest place in the social scale,

the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, are enabled to bestow on their children an excellent education, which, in their youth, was enjoyed by themselves; and hence our colonies, and the world itself, are filled with a race of hardy, intelligent adventurers, who cannot boast of being descended from *noble*, or even *gentle* blood, as it is called; but have issued from the loins of peasants, and have emerged from some lowly cottage or cabin in the mountains, glens, or valleys of Scotland—(q).

This suggests to me—and it is the last topic to which I shall, for a moment, crave your indulgent attention, which, I fear, I have already tasked too severely—the consideration of the domestic state of Scotland, and that character of piety and moral worth, which hallows the homes and enobles the hearts of her unrivalled peasantry. I should not do justice to my subject, to my own feelings, or, I am persuaded, to yours, did I not assign a prominent place to this element, in the well-earned reputation of our country. We find the peasantry of Scotland distinguished, from an early period of her history, by an extraordinary degree of spirit and intelligence; and it is a fact well worthy of our attention, that from the first James to our own day, the Muses of Scotland have delighted to paint her home-scenes, her domestic virtues; the simplicity and worth which mark the character of the common people; and it is truly singular, that the only successful attempt of the Pastoral Muse in modern times, is the inimitable picture of the domestic

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life of the people of Scotland, exhibited with such
 felicitous power and fidelity of pencil, in one solitary
 Drama, which has no rival in modern literature, and
 throws into shade all similar productions of ancient
 classic ages. In truth, it seems to me, that the popu-
 lar poetry and music of Scotland have sprung from
 the inspiration natural to the heart of a people, whose
 homes are hallowed by the word of God and prayer,
 and their hearts an altar, from which the incense of
 devotion rises daily to heaven with the morning light
 and with the evening shadows—(R).

Far be it from me to disparage the distinguished
 merits of the nobility and gentry of Scotland. I be-
 lieve they are such as need not to shrink from com-
 parison with those of their Peers in any other land.
 But it would be vain to deny that the chief glory of
 our country is her peasantry, whose intelligence,
 virtue, and genius have elevated them to a rank, in
 the scale of mental and moral excellence, which has
 never been approached by the same class in any age
 or country of the world. It is the proud distinction
 of Scotland to be able to point to the great body of
 her peasantry, and to say, *these are the men of Scot-
 land!* lowly in station, poor in fortune, rude in speech,
 rustic in mien and manners; but in knowledge, virtue,
 genius, religious faith, domestic contentment and
 worth, rich beyond compare. They have indeed en-
 nobled their country. Here she stands alone. Here
 she has no equal, no competitor. Scotland's palaces
 and their lordly inmates you will find equalled, I do

not say surpassed, in other lands. But where will you find her cottages, such humble homes, tenanted by such minds and hearts? From the bosom of this virtuous peasantry, what a multitude of men, distinguished in every walk of life, have issued. The rural bards, the peasant poets of our country form a band, to which, were we to glean from all the past and present ages of the world, we could not find any equal number of the same class, comparable to them in genius—(s).

Who that knows the cottage-homes and hearths of Scotland can be ignorant of the wisdom, piety, and worth of thousands, who live and die in these humble abodes, sequestered from the eye of the world, but regarded and cherished by the eye of him “who seeth in secret.” How many of her sons, in all the regions of the earth, inhabiting palaces, surrounded with all the pomp and pride of life, look back, with fond regret, to the simple homes of their youth, where religion had her altar, whose fire was never quenched—where the habit of daily devotion sanctified the soul—where the heart rejoiced in all the beautiful simplicity and freedom of nature—where faith, purity, and love were the guardian angels that centinelled the sacred spot, and bade no unhal- lowed spoiler invade, or violate the abode consecrated to domestic virtue, chaste love, humble happiness.

This is the fountain-head of Scotland’s glory. This is the pure, living spring, whose streams make glad

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her dwellings, sending beauty and refreshment through all her homes, making "the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad for them, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Yes, my *Countrymen* and *Brethren*, it is the power of Religion, of a sound faith, and virtuous education, that has raised the body of the people of Scotland from a low and depressed condition; and their moral and intellectual elevation, has set their country high among the nations of the earth. It is the *hand of God* that hath done this. *It is his blessing who blesseth, and it shall be blessed.*

I should ill discharge my duty, this day, on this interesting occasion, if I sought only to stir up the feelings of national pride, just and honourable as that pride may be. I would wish to carry your views higher, and if I have made any impression, if I have made the pulse of patriotic feeling to beat warmer, stronger in your hearts, if I have imparted new fervour to the glow of the proud or the kindly affections which bind you to your Home and your Country, let the full tide of all these human feelings swell upwards to heaven, to God, To God let us ascribe all the glory, all the praise. "Let us give unto the Lord the glory that is due unto his name. Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the praise."

It is from the fear and faith of God, in the hearts of her children and his worship, celebrated in her thousand and ten thousand cottages, that she has derived

all that blesses and ennobles her. Religion has been the sacred source of all her honors, of all her felicities ; and when this departs, woe, woe is unto her for the crown is fallen from her head. The glory is departed from Israel. The pride of her spirit, genius, and might is gone. The light is quenched in her Tabernacles. Her sun is gone down. The spirit that warmed and inspired the mighty heart of her people is fled. They are like Sampson, when the locks of his strength were shorn, become like other men. "Righteousness," my brethren, "righteousness it is, that exalteth a nation." This is the fire from heaven that kindles the sacred flame on the altar of freedom, of Patriotism, and keeps it burning. It is righteousness which quickens in the heart of a people every virtuous energy that can make them great, glorious, free, happy. It is righteousness which is "a wall of fire around a land, and the glory in the midst of her." It is righteousness which clothes with verdure and beauty the waste and howling wilderness of a region that seemed not fit to be inhabited, and gives unto it "the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon." *Righteousness exalteth a nation ; let this be the great lesson of the day.* Let it be engraven upon our hearts. This truth is stamped in brightest characters on the imperishable monument of our country's fame ; and, should the day ever come, which may heaven avert, when the altar of her God shall be deserted or desecrated by her people, it shall be inscribed on the monument that records her downfall, her extinction, to future ages, that when she

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departed from righteousness, God forsook her—her glory was quenched in night—she fell—and great as her former elevation, was her fall.

Let us, this day, humbly acknowledge before the footstool of high heaven, that God has been the sole author of all the national blessings which we now commemorate. Let our commemoration be, not only in the spirit of an honest pride, of a glowing Patriotism, but rather of a pious, humble gratitude to the giver of all good. Let us remember, that the only tenure by which these blessings are held—can be held—can be inherited by us—is unwavering constancy in the faith—unwavering fidelity in the service of God. If we would see this land of our adoption peaceful, prosperous, and happy, let us remember that it is righteousness which exalteth nations. Let us transplant into this land the spirit of our pious and venerable fathers; the virtues which have ennobled their hearts and their homes. If so, “the God of our fathers will be with us, and will be our God. Our land shall yield her increase; and God, even our God, shall bless us.” If unmindful of our first and most sacred duty to God, we resign ourselves wholly to the love and the service of this present evil world, a spirit of selfishness will deaden every nerve of the heart, will incrust the whole soul, sealing up the fountain of every virtue; and in our collisions with a world as selfish and unfeeling as ourselves, fierce passions will be aroused to embroil and embitter society, and at last dissolving the vital union of its

parts, to precipitate the whole fabric into anarchy and ruin.

But we hope better things. We trust that this land, rich in all the choicest blessings of Nature and of Heaven—enjoying the fulness of those inestimable privileges, civil, political, religious, which distinguish the most highly favoured nations of the earth—will not abuse the goodness of a gracious Providence, nor render unavailing and abortive all the bounties which its hand has lavished upon us. From the midst of our present distractions, which, we hope, are soon destined to pass away, let us look forward with cheering confidence to the day, not far distant, I trust, when party feuds shall give place to peace and goodwill; and all the various races who people this land, all descended from illustrious and mighty nations, shall dwell together in unity as brethren, and shall have no other contention than the glorious rivalry, who shall most excel in all the arts of peace and civility, and in all the labours and pursuits that contribute to national prosperity and glory. On this day, at least, let there be a truce to all unkind, ungentle feelings. Let us apply, in this view also, the words of my text to *the present crisis* of the land in which we live: “Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sakes, I will now say, peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.”

One word more and I have done. You will not, I trust, forget on this occasion, what is due to our poor and distressed brethren. Let our alms, this day, be united with our prayers and our festivity. Let an altar be erected to pity and charity, beside those which we dedicate to gratitude and patriotism. Let not our brethren, in the hour of need, be compelled to fly for refuge to the stranger. Let those of us whom God has prospered, and the number is not small, present, as a thank-offering, this day, on the altar of heaven, a tribute, to be dedicated to the relief of those among us to whom Providence has denied the same happy fortune. Many of you, perhaps, have known what it is to have arrived friendless and forlorn on a distant shore. Many have felt, if not the reality, at least the apprehension of want in the land of strangers. To whom would you have naturally looked? Whose aid would you have invoked in your hour of need? Whose but your countrymen and brethren's? Ask your heart what, in such circumstances, you would have wished them to be, and to do, unto you? Go thou, and do likewise. "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—I. JOHN III. 17.

And I pray God, that the blessing of them that are ready to perish, may come upon you; and may the blessings you impart to the unfortunate, be a thousand fold yours; and finally, I pray that this day may draw closer the ties of brotherhood between us all, and may

have the happy effect of softening down all unamiable and unkindly feelings, and of quickening and invigorating every better element in our nature, auspicious to the happiness of the individual and of society, to the good of the life that now is, and to the better hope of that which is to come. And may the blessing of Almighty God be with us, and upon us all, and give efficacy to what I may have now spoken in accordance with his holy will. Amen—and—Amen.

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NOTES.

NOTE (A).—Self-love is the basis, the criterion of sympathy. "Love thy neighbour as thyself," is a Divine precept, comprehensive of all the social virtues, of all the duties which man owes to man; and it establishes self-love as the standard and measure of Benevolent Sympathy and action. I feel for others, as I feel for myself. By reflecting on my own consciousness, I conceive what is agreeable to them, and conducive to their happiness; and thus the principle of Benevolent Sympathy clearly implies an appeal to self-love, as a test or index of what is due to our neighbour.

There is, therefore, a more intimate connection, than is commonly thought, between self-love and the social affections. It is a well known fact that *apathy*, by deadening the nerve of self-love, blunts that of sympathetic sensibility; for, how can I sympathise with feelings which I do not, and cannot, conceive; or, how conceive vividly, what I have felt but faintly. This view of the relation which self-love bears to benevolence, seems to be confirmed by the Divine precept of Christianity: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would, that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

Self-love, then, is so far from being in opposition to sympathy, or social affection, that it is necessarily involved in every exercise of the latter, to which it serves the purpose of eyes or feelers, to ascertain the proper objects, occasions, and circumstances of action. As we extend the sphere of self-love—so, in the same degree, we widen that of sympathy: as our own interests are multiplied; as the sources of pleasure and pain, and, consequently, the objects of desire and aversion are increased—we rise to a capacity of more various and enlarged sympathy with others: for fellow feeling clearly implies, as indispensable to its existence, our own previous consciousness of sensations or sentiments in ourselves, like those of which we perceive the reflection in our neighbour. Benevolent or social affection, consequently unfolds its power and enlarges its sphere, in proportion as experience develops, in the progress of life, all that can affect or interest our self-love.

It is in domestic life that the power of sympathy is first unfolded, "in the tender charities of father, husband, brother." From the intimacy of our connexion as members of the same family—placed in the same circumstances—affected by the same objects and influences—we have a near insight into each others' bosoms, we read—reciprocate—each others' feelings—our interior nature is unlocked, and heart is drawn to heart in the secret, mysterious force of that attraction, which is the great conservative law of the moral world, analogous to that which binds into harmony, the natural. The love of Brethren, is merely friendship, flowing from an intimate knowledge of each others' hearts, and an enlarged and lively sympathy with each others' feelings. To know the heart,

to realise to our minds the feelings of our fellow men, is to sympathise with them. Even a lively and eloquent representation "of whatever stirs this mortal frame," is followed by answering emotions of sympathy. And hence fictitious characters, delineated with natural truth, by the magic pencil of Genius, seem to acquire to our imagination a real existence, and gain an interest in our sympathy and affections, in the same manner, as the actual living objects of our regard.

Perfectly to know and sympathise with one human heart, is a general bond of attachment to mankind; and hence it appears to me, that the intimate ties which are formed in early life, between members of the same family, lay the deep and solid foundation of our sympathy with our species; and the beautiful provision which Nature hath made to extend the sphere of these affections, may be regarded as a convincing proof, that such is their ultimate end.

For in order that we may attain a perfect universal sympathy with man, in all the various circumstances of his individual and social being, Nature has provided a suitable training, through all the successive stages of mortal life. As we pass through their various changes, and feel their various influences, we are prepared for the exercise of an enlarged and growing sympathy with human nature in all its various relations and affections. In this grand process our natural affections seem to be, as it were, centres from which our sympathies are gradually communicated to all around. They are the primary and essential links in that chain, which is the bond of social unity. In the first place, we have the Conjugal Affection—the mightiest, and the most endearing of all the ties, in which nature hath united human hearts. This affection, both in kind and degree, bears a striking affinity to self-love. The conjugal relation gives, as it were, a new being—another self. All the other domestic ties are between those of the same blood, and have a tendency to confine our affections within the narrow circle of our brethren and kindred; but the Nuptial bond conciliates a union with those who are not within the sphere of consanguinity, it is the great link of connection between domestic and general society—drawing together those that are remote—surmounting all the barriers of prejudice, pride, party-spirit, and triumphing, in many instances, over the fiercest and most inveterate feuds and antipathies. Inter-marriage is, in fact, the most effectual means of conciliating those who are most estranged from each other—it is the most powerful engine of nature, to break down every barrier that divides man from man. The terms of the original institution seems to point to this, as one of its great ends in the economy of the social world: Genesis II. 23, 24. "And Adam said, this is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." But the conjugal union is only the first step in the process. The soul is further drawn forth, and the sphere of her sympathies enlarged in the immediate succession of the parental to the conjugal affection. By this union a new intensity is superadded to both, and their combined strength is directed by the unerring wisdom and beneficence of our Creator, to the all important end of watching over, providing for, and duly educating and training up human offspring, so as to prepare and qualify them for the duties of social and active life. Our sympathies are not, as we might naturally presume, weakened and attenuated, but acquire new strength in the multiplication of their objects and the extension of the sphere of their operation. The conjugal, parental, filial, fraternal affections, thus meeting, and mingling their energies and influences, aid and invigorate each others' action, and draw, as it were, into their vortex and tide the whole current of self-love; nor do they terminate and finally rest in their first and most proper and immediate objects, but extend their powerful operation to others which are more remote, with which we have no direct natural tie. They form supernumerary bonds to link our hearts, to connect our interests, and sympathies with general society. Our children form, in a manner, a part of our own being, and we naturally participate in all their feelings and interests. We love all who love them; we are interested in all that

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can affect them, either of good or evil. With them our sympathies are carried to every point of the social system with which they may be connected, forming a sphere wide enough for the utmost possible extension of our power of active usefulness and beneficence. We are thus bound to society in all its general and permanent interests. It has been well said, that the man who has children has given hostages to fortune. With still greater truth and propriety we may be said in our children, to give hostages to society, since we have the obligation of all our social duties thereby enforced upon us with all the power which belongs to the great spring of action, Self-love. An almost equal diffusion is given to the social affections by the ties of affinity. The husband and the wife can have no affections and no objects of regard and attachment, in which both do not equally sympathise. Their affections cannot be divided—they spread through the same circle, as if they had one heart and one soul—they are moved and carried, as if by one impulse, to the same objects. We cannot better describe the indivisible unity of soul in the conjugal relation, when nature has her perfect work, than in the memorable words of Ruth to Naomi: RUTH I. 16, 17. "And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: *thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.* Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me."

In fine, in every new tie which—in the multiplication of the objects that come within the sphere of our natural affections—we form with general society, there is a new expansion of the SOCIAL SOUL; and in the progressive stages of our being, we may thus plainly trace the gradual developement of the beneficent plan of the moral world, by which our souls are trained to that universal charity, or love of human kind, which is the end of the commandment, and the bond of perfectness.

NOTE (B).—The first societies of mankind, the early primitive nations of the world, were simply families, clans, tribes, under their Father, or Patriarch. The names of nations, as recorded in the most ancient portions of Scripture, are all *patronyms*. The children of Heth, the children of Ammon, the children of Lot; the land of Canaan, of Ham, of Misraim, are forms of expression which clearly demonstrate the existence of patriarchal government, and indicate the gradual process of transition from the domestic, to the political order of society. The Father, or Patriarch, exercised a natural hereditary authority among his children and descendants, derived from—founded upon, those instinctive affections, which are the first and strongest bonds of the social union; and as they constitute the natural society of families, clans, kindreds, they ultimately suggest the idea, and furnish the model, of all civil order and government. A family, or clan, under their Patriarch, is a natural society, under a natural government. And there are still vestiges to be found of this primitive form existing, at this day, in some rude nations of the East, having undergone little variation, we have reason to believe, since the days of Abraham or Job—witness Arabia. The connection which subsisted between the chieftain and his clan, in the Highlands of Scotland, was of this nature; and no doubt was derived from the East, and was as ancient as the first emigration westwards of the Celtic Race, who formed the primitive population of Europe. The authority of the chieftain, it is well known, was partly regal and partly patriarchal. The bond of attachment was of a moral kind. Obedience and submission were not extorted by fear or necessity, but rather prompted by the generous impulse of a filial reverence and affection for one to whom they looked up as a father, as well as a prince. Perhaps the idea of hereditary power has been transmitted from patriarchal times. In the earliest nations of antiquity, we find fathers exercising, under the sanction of law, a despotic power in their families. But this natural form of unlimited monarchy,

by the benevolent wisdom of God, is qualified and restrained by the infusion of a powerful element—the force of that instinct—which makes a father love his offspring as himself.

It is not merely the aggregation of a multitude of human beings, in one community, under one head or ruler, that constitutes a nation; but it is a union of a more intimate and perfect kind, arising out of a participation of common sympathies, out of a similitude of minds, manners, and habits. The power which consolidates a people into one homogeneous mass, which forms them into one harmonious whole, animated by the same spirit, is to be traced to early impressions—to domestic training. In the domestic economy of a country are to be found the quickening power and spirit of national life. Its families, its homes are the centres, the sources of national power, prosperity, virtue, glory. *Where are the minds and hearts of a people formed, moulded, replenished with their peculiar influences?* *There* you find the rudiments, the elements of national character. A nation assimilated, united by the sympathy arising out of a uniform domestic system, are all baptised, so to speak, into the same spirit, are like one great family, they feel the relation of a common brotherhood—and, in the similitude of their minds and habits, are drawn together by the secret power of a moral attraction. The best government is that, which is most accommodated to the nature and circumstances of the people, and which finds its strength and support in their voluntary attachment, in their sympathy and affection. But in order that a government may be thus conformed to the genius and habits of a people, it must, it is manifest, be co-incident with the principles of their domestic economy, or at least must harmonise with the spirit of such an economy.

The spirit of Patriotism, sealed, sanctified, confirmed by the influence, early instilled, of religion and virtue, must cement our attachment to national institutions, otherwise it will be feeble and easily dissolved. The character of a people being thus a reflection of the influences with which their minds and hearts are imbued in the domestic state, we may be assured, that whatever affects this state or its system, is of vital, universal importance. It was, I think, the celebrated *Fletcher of Salton*, who said, "give me the making of the Songs and Ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." But as the popular Song and Music of a land form a part of its domestic system, their impressions beginning to be felt in the nursery, and continuing "to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength;" we may generalise the sentiment, and it will run thus, "give me the domestic legislation of a nation, and I care not who makes or administers their public law." All the great legislators of antiquity were impressed with a sense of the omnipotent influence of early domestic training, in moulding the hearts and habits of a people; and they knew that without this, law and policy were utterly impotent to make a nation great or prosperous; "*Quid leges proficiunt vane sine moribus.*" All their legislation, consequently, was based upon this principle. In the best constituted states of antiquity, we find law, government, religion, intimately leagued together, and all based upon early education, or domestic discipline. And it is owing to the shallow and contracted views of modern statesmen, dissolving this alliance, that we find so little advantage arising to human liberty or happiness from new codes and constitutions, framed without reference to the genius of the people, their domestic habits, and the existing state of society. It was in virtue of this principle, that the Sages and Legislators of antiquity seemed, with almost a creative power, to mould the national will and character into a form, not only new and different from what existed prior to their legislation, but not unfrequently at variance with other cotemporary states and nations, nay sometimes in direct opposition to the bent and tendency of human nature; and what must greatly enhance our wonder, is that the states thus constituted and governed, though insignificant in population and territory, rivalled the most populous and powerful empires, and survived the ruin of almost all their cotemporaries; and not until they departed from the spirit and principles of their immortal founders, did they sink under the universal

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law of mutation, to which all mortal things are subjected. Witness the singular constitution of Sparta, its long duration, and the vast disproportion between her national resources, and the greatness of her power, political and military, not only as compared with the other states of Greece, but even with the mightiest empires of the world. This, it is true, is to be ascribed not to a domestic, but to a public education and training of the youth; but in this peculiarity every enlightened enquirer will find the weakness, not the strength—the imperfection, not the excellence of the constitution and code of Lycurgus.

Take the early Romans as another example. How admirable is the harmony between the national character and the system of domestic education, as described by their historians. The severe moral discipline to which they were subjected in youth, enforced by the law which gave almost unlimited power to the Father of a family over his children, may warrant the conclusion, that the policy of the Republic, in her first and most glorious days, was founded upon the spirit and system of the patriarchal ages. The domestic habits and manners thus formed, are faithfully reflected in the stern, inflexible virtue and honor of the national character of Republican Rome. This was, demonstratively, the original source of her pre-eminent greatness and glory; and to the decay of this domestic discipline, and of the virtues which it had created and fostered, the rapid decline and final dissolution of the empire are ascribed, by the unanimous voice of all enlightened historians, ancient and modern.

The Jewish state, as far as natural causes and agents are concerned, was formed, sustained, perpetuated by a system of domestic institution in perfect harmony with the law and polity of the state. How finely is this spirit of domestic institution reflected in the memorable injunction of Moses, *DEUT. VI. 6—9*. "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and upon thy gates." Religion, Law, and Polity were all united in the Hebrew Commonwealth; and their different elements, so happily disposed and blended into one harmonious, indivisible system, that we lose the perception of their distinct existence and action, and in every part see the spirit of the whole. Patriotism, consequently, in the mind of the citizen of Israel, was a sentiment possessing the concentrated strength of all the greatest and noblest affections of the soul; religion and nature, in this instance, may truly be said to have combined all their power to give, to the love of country, its utmost force and perfection.

Hence it is that the sentiment of Patriotism in the mind of the Jew acquired an intensity, to which we shall vainly look for a parallel among other nations. This was the secret source of that national spirit and energy, which maintained them, for so many ages, a separate and independent people in the midst of the ancient heathen world; and this is one of the principal causes to which we must ascribe the extraordinary fact, that during the 1800 years of their dispersion, they have continued to subsist as a distinct race, and have defied every attempt to assimilate them to, or incorporate them with, the rest of mankind. "It is, accordingly, in the sacred writings that we find the best models, and the most glowing descriptions of the spirit of Patriotism:—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." *PSAL. CXXXVII. 5, 6*.

The domestic system of Scotland, in a manner similar to this, harmonises very happily with the national Religious Institutions. The Sabbath, the Bible, the Church of the house, and the Church of the land—the Zion, the Jerusalem of Scotland—are all intimately and indelibly blended in the Scottish heart, with the venerated, endeared image of country. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" reveals to

us, with the most impressive fidelity, the influence of their domestic life on the character and genius of the people, and affords the best illustration of the elements and sources of the Patriotic affection.

NOTE (C).—The heart of man is formed to expand and diffuse itself, even as a fountain, to flow, to pour forth its waters. We are happy just as our social, sympathetic affections are drawn forth towards others. A breast which is dead to all sympathy, whose affections are all locked up in the slumber of unconsciousness, to adopt the beautiful language of Scripture, is indeed "a garden barred; a spring shut up; a fountain sealed." The soul can scarcely be said to exist, but in the consciousness of its powers, energies, affections; and this consciousness is inseparable from the action, the exercise of them. A light that is not seen—a fire that does not burn—an influence that is not felt, is the true expression of an affection, that slumbers in the unconscious breast. The soul lives, rejoices in the conscious manifestation of her life, of her power, of her sensibility. The more those energies are put forth—the less they are allowed to languish, to stagnate—the more we have of life and the joy of life. It has been said of nature that she abhors a vacuum; it may, with more unquestionable truth, be said of the human soul, that it abhors the dreary void of inaction, of apathy; the state of *enauvi*, as it is called, is less tolerable than one of actual intense pain. In fine, the soul may be said to exist only in its own movement; and the degree of the exertion of its powers, and the effusion of its affections, is the measure of the intensity of its vital spirit. It is a necessary consequence of this natural expansiveness, of this innate, unquenchable desire of the soul, to dilate, to diffuse, to extend itself, to communicate its sympathies and affections, that when these are deprived of their proper objects, compressed within a narrow sphere, or however enlarged that sphere may be, when we are conscious that they have reached its utmost bounds, and are arrested in their progressive action and tendency, there arises an immediate and inexpressible feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction. The desires, affections, capacities of the soul are illimitable, insatiable: they never say, "it is enough."

It is not possible to conceive a state of more consummate wretchedness, than that of a man devoid of all human sympathies, of all social affections. He could feel no interest in any person, in any event, in any thing that did not affect himself. His pleasures and enjoyments, if indeed they may deserve that name, would be altogether solitary and exclusive. He would be a stranger to that heightening which sympathy imparts, and which the consciousness of the participation and fellow-feeling of others superadds, to all that we do, to all that we feel. To him, the satisfaction of every ingenuous mind in the assurance, that kindred natures sympathise with his sentiments and actions, would be not only unattainable—it would be inconceivable. The voice of praise or censure would fall alike upon a listless ear; for even pride, vanity, ambition, living in the hope, or in the fruition of the sympathies of their fellow-men, involve some social elements in their composition—are not made up of unmixed selfishness. In the past he could feel no interest, because the immediate gratification of *self* and *sense* engrosses his whole soul; and all of the future which would attract his regard, is the fast fleeting shadow of that fraction of his own individual life—the atom of his mortal existence which is yet to run. Without the ties of home, kindred, or country—without the touch of any natural affection—without either friend or brother—sympathising with none, and having none to sympathise with him—having attachment to no place, person, or thing—an insulated atom in a world which denies, disowns him, the solitude of Robinson Crusoe would be Elysium, in comparison with the state of a mind thus frozen and petrified into selfish apathy: not only cut off from communion and fellowship with man, nature, God, but divested of all capacity, of all conception of those feelings which connect us with

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the universe in which we dwell, and form the living fountain of every virtue, of every joy—of all that blesses and endears human nature.

The debasing influence of the *sensual appetites*, is to be ascribed to their tendency to contract and deaden our *social sympathies*. In this consists the very essence of their malignant power. The sensualist gives all to sense—to the least and lowest part of his nature; he feeds on husks, when he might feast with angels. He rejects the manna, the bread from heaven. He pampers the animal with the meat that perisheth: he starves, he dwarfs the rational, the spiritual man. Self-denial or sense-denial, therefore, is the parent of all social, benevolent feeling. It is the conflict of the soul with "those fleshly lusts that war against the spirit." As all our social sympathies and affections live and flourish in the soil from which the selfish and sensual passions have been extirpated, no sooner is the soul delivered, from what the Scriptures call, with beautiful and striking propriety, "the bondage of corruption"—the base, ignominious, tyrannical yoke of the body—of sense—than it rises up in its native majesty and strength, is reinstated in its primeval birth-right of moral, spiritual freedom; or, as it is described in the terms of inspired wisdom, "the glorious Liberty of the children of God."

We call the man who loves only his money, his self, a *miser*; that is to say, a *wretch*. And why? Because his soul feels not the touch of nature, is dead to all the social, kindly affections, which are the *light—the life—*of life. His soul is petrified into the most obdurate, impenetrable selfishness; for the vice of covetousness is the concentrated spirit of selfishness—it is the base, sordid fear of the lowest and meanest wants incident to mortal life, and an all-engrossing solicitude for mere animal, brute existence, overbearing every nobler affection and aspiration of the human soul. The Miser, as he hath been named with emphatic truth, by the universal consent of mankind—by that *voice of human nature*, which is, indeed, the voice of God, (*vox populi, vox Dei*)—is "the wretch concentrated all in self," the veriest wretch of human kind. His soul, pent up within the narrow range of self and of selfish cares and interests, is shut up as in a prison, a dungeon, and realises, as nearly as may be, the picture, which we have attempted to sketch, of a soul dead to all sympathy. Withdraw from the soul the consciousness of *social sympathy and affection*, and you quench the light of heaven within us—you take away that portion of his own spirit with which God hath endowed our nature. Thus to divest man of the image of his Maker; thus to rob the soul of the ennobling, the divine attribute, of humanity, is the last and greatest curse which heaven can inflict on the abuser of its best gifts.

NOTE (D).—It gave me no small satisfaction to find, that the sentiment, expressed in this passage, is confirmed by the authority of one of the most original and profound thinkers of our day, the late celebrated SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. (See *Specimens of Table Talk*, vol. II. p. 117. New York edition.) "I have never known a trader, in philanthropy, who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations—men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money, and labour, and time, on the race—the abstract notion. The Cosmopolitism which does not spring out of, and blossom upon, the deep rooted stem of nationality, or patriotism is a spurious and rotten growth."

NOTE (E).—Let any one reflect upon the nature of those emotions and sentiments which rise up in the breast, either in the actual contemplation of the works of God in the visible creation, or in the perusal of descriptive poetry, and he will be convinced, by a careful analysis of his feelings in such circumstances, that there is involved in them the recognition of a superior power, to which the attributes of

the natural world are silently referred, and a profound, though it may be unconscious homage is, at the sametime, offered up as the spontaneous, unbidden tribute of the human heart, to Him who formed it with a ready sensibility to those influences and impressions which are, as it were, intelligencers of "the invisible things of God." What heart of sensibility, in contemplating the grand or the beautiful of nature is not prompted—impelled to give utterance to its fulness? and in what other form, than that of devout adoration and acknowledgment of the unseen author of all this visible glory and loveliness can we adequately express what we feel?

Who that has beheld the ocean in a storm; that has lifted up his eyes to the giant forms of Alpine mountains, towering up to heaven; or gazed with fearful eye and heart, upon the wild tumultuous heavings, and giddy movements of the flooded cataract, as its roar seems, to our astonished ears, like the utterance of him whose voice is as the voice of many waters—does not perceive that the impressions which such scenes and objects produce, are chiefly, if not wholly of a religious kind, raising in the soul those emotions and affections which are suitable to the conception of the divine power and majesty of the Creator? And who that has looked abroad, from some commanding eminence, upon some far extended prospect, where Peace and Freedom have scattered plenty over a smiling land, amid all the glorious beauty and beneficence of nature—beheld in the calm, bright splendour of a summer Morn or Even—has not felt his soul within him dilate with pious gratitude, with involuntary raptures, and pour forth the unpremeditated strains of praise and thanksgiving to the Bountiful giver of all good? Nay, so powerful, so absorbing is this sentiment, that we cannot help ascribing to Nature, a soul and a voice. We feel as if mute, inanimate things sympathised with our emotions, and were made vocal to join with the living and the intelligent inhabitants of earth, in the great and universal hymn with which Nature celebrates her Almighty Author.

I cannot better illustrate and confirm this position, than by quoting the sentiments of "the sweet Psalmist of Israel," in one of those many odes in which he expatiates on the visible creation, *that mirror* in which the Divine perfections are reflected to the eye of reason. Ps. LXV. 9, &c. "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it. Thou waterest the ridges of it abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks: the valleys are covered over with corn: they shout aloud for joy, they also sing." Let the intelligent and feeling reader turn to many of the passages of the Psalms, of the book of Job, and of the Prophets, in which the works of God, in the natural world, are celebrated, and if he attends to what passes in the heart, as he reads them, he will, we doubt not, assent to the truth of our principle, that a true feeling, or lively perception of the grand or the beautiful in nature, is identical with sentiments of devout admiration, holy awe, pious gratitude to the Deity. Let any one read the 104th Psalm and he will own the truth of my remarks. The spirit of devotion pervades and animates every line in the Poem of the Seasons, by THOMSON. The Muse that inspired him, can be no other than the Urania invoked by the divine Bard who sung "of man's first disobedience." And in the opening of that sublime hymn, which is annexed to the Seasons, we have the principle for which I now contend, unfolded in the clearest and most impressive terms: "These, as they change, Almighty Father! these are but the varied God; the rolling year is full of thee."

The poetical genius, in every age, has been formed and fostered by the love of nature and habitual communion with her works. Poets have been called the *Priests of Nature*, and their enthusiastic love and admiration of the beauty and grandeur of the material world, has been, by a very apposite figure, denominated the *Worship of Nature*. The beautiful lines of VIRGIL to this effect, in the 2nd. Georgic, line 476, will occur to every classical scholar. I might quote similar

sentiments in almost every Poet of ancient or modern times. The simplicity of language in the following lines of Burns, Nature's own inspired bard, heightens the power and the sublimity of the sense:

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang dark night!

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

NOTE (F).—In illustrating this important article of the influence of religion on Patriotism, I shall not enter into any metaphysical analysis of the principle itself, or its various modes of operation, but shall content myself with directing the attention of the reader, to the simple consideration of the influence of the Bible, as a manual, put into the hands of youth, and present in every stage of life, even unto death a friend, companion, counsellor and comforter. What sentiments does it breathe into the heart! What enlarged and ennobling ideas of God, nature, man, the world, the universe! What sublime, animating hopes and prospects of futurity does it set before us! How does it reconcile our minds to the seeming irregularities and evils of this present existence, by the assurance of faith, that all things, in this state of trial, have reference to an eternal world, and are all made to work together for good, and in subserviency to the great moral plan of omniscient wisdom and boundless benevolence! Take, for example, the single story of Joseph—forming a small section of the first book of the Old Testament Scriptures, which, compared with the meridian splendour of the Gospel, exhibit only to us the faint dawning of moral light; yet this brief and artless narrative, opens to us more sublime views—of God and his providence, and moral government—of human nature and its true glory, perfection and happiness—of the spirit, power and influence of religion to exult and dignify our nature—than all that the Sages and Moralists of antiquity have left on record. And with what simplicity and truth of nature is the narrative written—level to the apprehension of childhood—but fraught with those treasures of moral truth of Divine Wisdom, which cannot be exhausted by the most profound thinker! This is only one of a thousand passages of the sacred volume, stamped with the manifest impress of the spirit of God.

What an unspeakable privilege is it to be familiarised from our youth, with all the precious contents of this revelation. Try, if you are able, to conceive the almost infinite distance between him—who, imbued with its spirit and principles, looks upon the universe as the theatre in which the all-perfect wisdom and benevolence of the Deity are manifested—and the votary of superstition, or false religion, to whom all nature is a *Pandemonium*—the unhallowed fabric of evil Demons, in which the various creatures, who are its miserable inhabitants, are the sport of blind chance, fatal necessity, or fiendish malevolence. How inestimable is the privilege to be born in a land where the benign light and influence of the gospel, as it is purely, brightly reflected from the sacred page, is shed into the youthful bosom, as yet unpreoccupied with alien or evil influences, as yet unperverted by the spirit of the world, and the contagion of its corruptions. The light of heaven is not sweeter, or more salutary to our sense, than the light of God's holy

and blessed word to the soul. Oh! how much does Scotland owe to the early acquired knowledge of the Scriptures, to the daily reverential perusal of them, and to the general habit of family devotion. What a lesson does she afford to the other nations of the world, with respect to the true sources and elements of national greatness and glory. The beautiful lines of our national Bard, in his truly sublime picture of the domestic religion of the peasantry of his country, will here occur to every reader:

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle."

N.B.—Had the Sermon been composed with a view to publication, I should have endeavoured to give a more perfect unity to the whole, by unfolding the influence of the various elements of the Patriotic affection, which are traced in this general analysis, in their application to the particular case of Scotland. This, however, would have obliged me to omit the historical sketch, and as, in my delineation of the various sentiments which combine to form the love of country, I have a constant reference throughout, which the intelligent reader will perceive, to the associations which it calls up in the mind of a Scotsman, there will be but little difficulty in transferring to the subject commemorated the general observations—with respect to the early recollections of our home—to the joint impression of the natural scenery and historical and romantic traditions connected with it—and to the congenial power of popular music, song, and poetry, all heightened, hallowed, and sublimed by the divine inspiration of a Religion, which breathes, as its vital spirit, love to God and love to man, and is the parent or nurse of all the high and holy and generous emotions that can touch the human heart.

NOTE (G).—From the brief and imperfect analysis of the love of Country, which I have here endeavoured to give, it will be easy to point out the difference between the genuine virtue and its counterfeit.

True Patriotism grows out of the free action, the full developement of the moral principles, and social affections of our nature. The heart in which the pulse of moral life beats warmly and vigorously, which is animated with the living glow of human sympathies, ever will—ever must be patriotic. The love of country is of the very essence of friendship or benevolence; it springs from the same root, is constituted of the same elements, is nourished by the same influences. We love our country, because its idea is entwined in our hearts with all the early deep rooted, endearing associations of youth, of home, of parents, brethren, kind-

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red, friends, with all that is purest and most tender in the hopes, affections, aspirations natural to the age of innocence and sensibility; and our patriotism will be strong and lively, in proportion to the force of these primary affections out of which it grows, which seem to be its very elements. We love our country, because her image is associated in our mind with the glory and the virtue of the great and the good, whose very name and memory have obtained a hold on our hearts, scarcely inferior to that which attaches us to living worth. We love our country, because we feel that we owe to her the best blessings of our life, not to say life itself; inheriting from her the rich and inestimable patrimony of knowledge, morality, religion, the fruit of our early education and training under her laws and institutions; and the sacred bond which thus binds us to her, by such manifold ties, will be powerful and enduring, in proportion as our souls are penetrated and imbued with all the purifying and ennobling influences which are derived to us, from her wise and beneficent provision, for the improvement and happiness of her children. True patriotism is thus resolved into all those moral, social, religious ties which form the sacred bond of union between human hearts, which dispose and qualify us to sympathise with our species. It implies all those moral sentiments and susceptibilities which enter into the composition of benevolence or philanthropy, in its purest and most concentrated form. It blends all those elements which bind us to Man, to Nature, to God. It will attain its highest perfection in states, constituted upon principles of rational liberty, because it is in such only that full scope and favourable opportunity are afforded for the most unrestrained and vigorous expansion of our moral faculties. In a word, this noble virtue may be described as the result of the development and action of the best and most expansive affections of the soul, in those circumstances, which the all provident wisdom of Nature's God hath prepared and disposed for their growth and perfection. How unlike to this, both in its nature and fruits, is that spurious patriotism, which has almost brought into contempt the venerable name which it unworthily usurps. As the genuine virtue springs from the social and disinterested affections; so the base counterfeit is derived from the sordid source of our selfish passions. The origin, the essence of the spurious principle is *Party-spirit, which is, indeed, the most concentrated spirit of selfishness*. It is the very antiphrasis of all that is disinterested and generous in sentiment, and, therefore, stands contrasted with the pure and unadulterated nature of that amiable affection, whose sources and elements we have been endeavouring to explore. By its fruits and manifestations it shall be known. It is loud, fierce, turbulent, intolerant, actuated by a spirit of insatiable selfishness—incapable of even conceiving the noble elevation of a soul, in which the social and benevolent affections triumph over the selfish, prompting, at all times, the ready and cheerful sacrifice of *private, personal, party interest* to the *public weal*—it tramples recklessly on the most sacred duties, the dearest rights of man, and is deaf to all the pleadings of truth, virtue, humanity, when its own ignoble ambition, or sordid avarice instigate. It is from confounding patriotism with this noisy, turbulent, and ignobly selfish spirit of party and faction, that many have been led to discredit its claims to rank as a virtue. And this is the less to be wondered at, in as much as the base coin is far more current than the sterling. Patriotism is the hackneyed watchword of all political factions, of all interested and designing men who seek to veil under fair appearances their ambitious ends, their private aims; it signifies little whether they appear under the form of demagogues or zealots for popular rights and interests, or as the creatures of a court, the tools and abettors of arbitrary power—the beggarly scramblers for posts and pensions—they are only seeking to gratify their own sordid cupidity, while they profess the most entire devotedness to the public service and interest. Both these classes of self-named patriots, reflect the same characteristics of selfishness. The bitterness and rancour of their spirit, the recklessness with which they trample on all the restraints of virtue and humanity, when they happen to stand in the way of their personal or party aggrandisement, and their utter destitution of all those elements which constitute private worth—

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moral principle, and benevolent feeling, demonstrate the extreme and palpable absurdity of their high sounding pretensions. They are wide, as the poles, asunder from the true patriot, who is ready to sacrifice, to the first call of public good, all that the partisan most intensely and insatiably covets—who is ready to sacrifice self, and all its dearest hopes, interests, attachments at the shrine of his country.

One important remark I will add in conclusion, suggested by this analysis of the spirit of nationality, or love of country, that it is identified, in every respect, with all the elements that constitute human virtue; and it follows, as a natural inference, that only a truly good and benevolent mind is capable of rising to this noble and enlarged affection—only a good man can be a true patriot—and the principles now demonstrated, afford a new and striking proof and illustration of the words of inspiration, "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

NOTE (H).—This paragraph and several others were omitted by me in the delivery of the sermon, under the apprehension, from its unusual length, of wearing out the patience of my auditory. It will be obvious, from the structure of the sermon and the intimate connexion of its several parts, that without breaking the unity and continuity of the subject, I could not abridge its length in any other way than by the omission of those paragraphs, which like the one now in question, were not essential to my general object. As this, however, has been suggested to me as a defect in the discourse as I delivered it from the pulpit; and, as I understand that some have imputed it to a want of liberality on my part, I owe it to my own feelings, to remove any impression of this nature, which may have arisen in the minds of those who did not know me.

Of our sister kingdom of ENGLAND, I have only to remark, that the land which has produced Bacon, Newton, Milton, Shakspeare, need not to covet any accession to her own fame, or to envy any tribute, however flattering, which may be paid to a rival. I should be no judge of the glory of my own land, if I could be insensible to the glory of her illustrious Sister. I deem it the proudest honor which I can claim for Scotland, when I claim for her equal worth, equal renown. Less than this, truth and justice forbid us to accept—more than this, the most insatiable vanity could scarcely demand.

To the brilliant and generous qualities of the Natives of our Sister ISLE, none can be insensible, who is capable of feeling and appreciating the noblest traits of human nature. In contemplating the character of her people so distinguished by the most splendid endowments, intellectual and moral, we feel love contending with admiration. Her virtues are her own. Of her faults, the least—that I will here say—is, that in the language of truth and justice, they will be imputed to her misfortunes. If her dawn has been glorious, what may not be expected from her noontide; and she is yet far, I am persuaded, from her zenith.

GERMANY, venerable for her high antiquity, illustrious by the genius and learning, the valour and virtue of her sons, is endeared to us as the Parent Land of the present race of Britons. The most satisfactory results of antiquarian research, enforce the belief of the Teutonic origin, not only of the British population, but of a great portion of the population of Ireland, who, adopting the language of the Celtic aborigines, became intimately incorporated with them. (See Moore's history of Ireland, 1st. vol.). The greater part of the civilised world is stocked with a population of Teutonic or Gothic descent. The noblest, therefore, in the family of European nations, are her progeny or kindred. Here we find the cradle of civil and religious liberty. The seeds of modern civilisation were originally brought from the woods of Germany. The tide of improvement, which is now spreading over all the earth, had its first rise, received its first impulse, in this mighty Mother-land of nations. Thither will the eyes of posterity be turned—thither will the pilgrims of the generations unborn repair, as to the hallowed, the venerable fountain of the world's Regeneration—fontes Nili. Here sprung up the giant might of mind, that burst the bonds of mental and moral thralldom, which

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for a thousand years had enslaved the Christian world. Here the gates of knowledge, which had been so long *shut upon* mankind, were first burst open. The Art which ensured its diffusion and perfection was here first invented. The genius of this illustrious land is not become *effete* from age. The noblest spirits of these latter days have been Germans or of German race. Her people still maintain that renown, that intellectual and moral grandeur of character which have flourished through all the revolutions of a thousand years, which amid the downfall of successive nations and empires, *the wrecks of time*, have stood unimpaired, untarnished, as if she were, what she boasts, the very heir of Rome's immortality, and had her foundations on the "Capitoli immobile saxum." At this day her sons are unequalled for the vast extent and variety of their literary and scientific acquirements; eminent alike for untiring industry and inventive genius, for the most soaring ambition and the most daring enterprise in almost every department of the intellectual world.

It were unpardonable on this occasion to withhold the tribute most justly due to another ancient, mighty, and renowned nation, the worthy rival of Britain, who has run with her the race of ambition and glory for ages, with a splendor, that emulates that of any people of ancient or modern times; dividing with her great compeers, Germany and Britain, the palm of intellectual greatness; and disputing that of military, political, and commercial superiority with the latter. This magnanimous nation, so long the jealous, the formidable enemy of our country, is now happily her friend and ally, confederated in sacred league to maintain the battle of liberty and civilisation against the abettors of barbarous ignorance and arbitrary government. Of their union, I would say "*esto perpetua*." The eyes of oppressed humanity are earnestly fixed upon them—and if faithful to their cause, *all future generations will rise up and call them blessed*. If we consider the great and manifold disadvantages under which France laboured, in her competition with Britain, from the want of those free and enlightened institutions which called forth and fostered the genius of the latter; and contemplate, at the same time, the multitude of names which adorn her annals, distinguished by every endowment, by every accomplishment that can grace or exalt human nature, we must feel that she possesses every claim to our admiration. It is no subject of pride or gratulation, that the tone and temper of Britons, and their language and bearing towards other nations, savour, too generally, of all the littleness of selfish pride, or mean, low minded jealousy. It forms no part of the glory of John Bull, to adopt the humorous and popular personification of our national character, that wherever he goes, there is a haughty supercilious reserve, an air of arrogant, self-assumed superiority—a fierce disdain of all competitors—a spurning of all claims of comparative worth put forth by others, which present him in a very ungracious attitude to the regard of the world, and have in fact, notwithstanding his many substantial and eminent virtues, rendered him odious in the east and in the west, and a by-word to all the nations of Europe. If the spirit of Britons, of which we boast with so little reserve, with so little delicacy, or tenderness to the natural prejudices and self-partialities of other lands, be not the reverse of all that is manly and magnanimous, I must think that he belies his country and his name who indulges, and still more who permits, himself to give expression to this spirit of sullen, selfish, ungenerous pride. He who feels a consciousness of real superiority is the last to proclaim it. The ostentation of merit in ourselves, or the depreciation of merit in a rival, argues an utter want of all true dignity of mind. Is it more venial to wound the feelings of our fellow-men, than to violate their rights? I wish I could give credit to Britons in Canada for a generous feeling, or bearing towards their brethren of French descent. I have no sympathy with those who give licence to their tongue or pen, to pour contempt on an interesting and amiable people, who are heirs of the name and of the glory of an illustrious nation, and to impute it to them, forsooth, as a reproach that they are of Gallic origin. It is their misfortune perhaps, but certainly not their reproach, that they are placed in circumstances which have not afforded advanta-

geous scope for the development, and still less for the display, of their national genius, of their native powers and capacities. He is no true sympathiser with the glory or the virtue of Britain; he is no *British Patriot* who permits himself to insult the just pride, or to trample on the well earned honors of her mighty and illustrious Rival.

NOTE (I).—In reference to the first period of Scottish history here referred to, which terminates at the death of Alexander the III. I shall quote the words of Sir Walter Scott. (*Tales of a Grandfather*, Ch. IV. at the beginning.) "Seven kings had reigned in succession, after Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who recovered the kingdom from Macbeth. Their reigns occupied a period of nigh two hundred years. Some of them were very able men; all of them were well-disposed, good sovereigns, and inclined to discharge their duty towards their subjects. They made good laws; and considering the barbarous and ignorant times they lived in, they appear to have been men as deserving of praise as any race of kings who reigned in Europe during the period. Alexander, the third of that name, and the last of these seven princes, was an excellent sovereign. He defeated a great invasion of the Norwegians and Danes, as they landed from their ships, in the battle of Largs. He also acquired and added to the Scottish dominions the Hebrides, or Islands which lie to the west of Scotland, and which did not, till his time, belong to that kingdom. He maintained great friendship with England, but would never yield up any part of the rights of Scotland. He was, in short, a brave and excellent prince."

"Few annals of a rude people," says Chambers, in his *Historical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, under the article, Alexander III. "can present a more gratifying series of patriotic Monarchs, than those with whom Scotland was blessed, from the middle of the eleventh, to the close of the thirteenth century, whether we consider their wisdom and impartiality as legislators, their prudence as politicians, or their bravery as warriors." At the death of Alexander, commenced those wars with England, which arose out of the disputed succession to the Scottish throne, and which may be said to have continued with little intermission down to the time of Mary and Elizabeth.

NOTE (K).—It is matter of regret that we have no literary history of Scotland during the long period, from the end of the thirteenth, to the beginning of the seventeenth century; and still more, that the memorials of her men of genius and learning during these ages, are so scanty and unsatisfactory. Of some we know only the names; and as a great number of learned Scotchmen went abroad, we are indebted, in most instances, to foreign records for any knowledge that we possess of them, and it cannot be doubted that the very names of many have perished amid the wreck of time. Wharton, in his history of English Poetry, expresses regret that no similar work had been undertaken with respect to the early literature of Scotland, and thinks that he should be guilty of a partial and defective representation of the Poetry of England, were he to omit mention of the Scottish writers who adorned the fifteenth century, "with a degree of sentiment and spirit, a command of phraseology and a fertility of imagination, not to be found in any English poet since Chaucer and Lydgale, more especially as they have left striking specimens of allegorical narration, a species of composition which appears to have been, for some time, almost totally extinguished in England."

I subjoin some brief notices of the names which shed a lustre over these ages, and which certainly deserve some better commemoration than they have yet received from their country.

SIR THOMAS of ERKELDONE, better known by the name of *Thomas the Rhymer*, flourished in the thirteenth century, and wrote perhaps about 1250. His Romance of *Sir Tristram*, which was honored by a Poet, nearly cotemporary, with

the high eulogium "of being the best *geste* ever was, or ever would be made," was considered to be lost, until a copy of it was discovered among the Auchinleck MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and first published, with an introduction and notes, by Sir Walter Scott. By the discovery of this work, Scotland may lay claim to a Poem more ancient than England; and it appears from the authority of Robert de Brunne, that the English language received its first rudiments of improvement from the Northern Minstrels. The composition of the oldest Scottish Ballad which is known to be extant, is to be referred to this date. It is an elegy on the death of Alexander the third, and if any thing were wanting to confirm the evidence of the poetical genius of ancient Scotland, and of her decided pre-eminence in the noblest of arts, the precious remains of her inimitable songs and ballads, of which we can trace an almost uninterrupted succession, from this early period to the present day, would be amply sufficient to establish her claims.

BARBOUR, a name of which Scotland has just cause to be proud, was born in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and consequently cotemporary with Chaucer. He is the author of a Metrical History of Robert the first, (the Bruce). He wrote also a Chronicle of Scottish History, which is lost. The following modern version of a passage from the work of this cotemporary and rival of Chaucer, will be interesting as a specimen of his spirit and manner:

"Ah Freedom is a noble thing,
And can to life a relish bring.
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease, that freely lives.
A noble heart may have no ease,
Nor aught beside that may it please,
If Freedom fail—for 'tis the choice
More than the chosen, man enjoys.
Ah, he that ne'er yet lived in thrall,
Knows not the weary pains which gail
The limbs, the soul, of him who plains
In Slavery's foul and festering chains!
If these he knew, I ween, right soon
He would seek back the precious boon
Of Freedom, which he then would prize
More, than all wealth beneath the skies."

This is indeed a noble apostrophe to Freedom, worthy of the age of Bannockburn, worthy of the old Homer or Ennius of Scotland. This breathes a kindred spirit and genius to that of another popular and patriotic Bard of Scotland, Burns, in his sublime ode, entitled Bruce's Address to his Soldiers at Bannockburn:

"Wha for Scotland's king an' law
Freedom's sword will strangely draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!"

Next in order to Barbour comes JAMES, the first Scottish Monarch of that name, author of the "King's Quair" and "Christis Kirk of the Grene," poems which display a genius equal to his cotemporary Chaucer, and a finer taste and more correct moral feeling. This prince possessed genius and accomplishments of the highest order, which would have adorned any age or country; and certainly shone with unparalleled lustre, in the dark and barbarous period, on which he was unhappily thrown. He was a great legislator and statesman, a skilful musician, and united all the graces of person and mind. See, for further particulars, Campbell's British Poets; Washington Irving's Sketch-Book.

GAWIN DOUGLASS, born 1474, died 1521, a distinguished scholar and poet, whose version of the *Eneid* of Virgil, is the first translation of an ancient Classic published in Britain. WILLIAM DUNBAR, cotemporary with him, is justly reckoned the chief of the ancient Scottish Poets. "The genius of Dunbar and Gawin Douglass," says Sir Walter Scott, "is alone sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance." A spirited critique on Dunbar's poems, of which a complete edition has been lately given to the world, by Mr David Laing, Edinburgh, will be found in Blackwood's Magazine, No. CCXXXII. under the title, "Ancient Scottish Poetry." The author promises a series of Essays on the Scottish Bards of the olden time. I trust he will not fail to redeem his pledge, and thereby to wipe off the stain of his country's long and unpardonable neglect of her ancient Poets.

I shall add the names of other ancient Poets who have done honor to their age and country, referring the inquisitive reader to Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, to Campbell, Wharton, &c. Robert Henryson, Harry the Minstrel, Sir David Lindsay, Alexander Barclay—who is allowed to have done more for the improvement of the English language than any of his cotemporaries—flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To these add Sir Robert Ayton, whose verses, in the judgment of Dryden, are "some of the best of that age," Alexander Earl of Stirling, Drummond of Hawthornden, and his friend Sir Wm. Mure Rowallan, whose poems, chiefly amatory, rival, in force and delicacy of sentiment, the cotemporary poets of England; Alexander Hume—Alexander Montgomery, author of the *Cherry and the Slae*—James and David Wedderburn—Alex. Scott—James V.—Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington—Sir James Inglis—Stewart—and Robert Kerr (Earl of Ancrum).

Nor was Scotland, during the same period, undistinguished in other walks of learning and science suited to the taste of the age.

JOHANNES DUNS SCOTUS, though claimed both by England and Ireland, is, beyond all reasonable dispute, a native of Scotland. JOHN OF DUNSE points as clearly as possible to the town of that name in Berwickshire, where, at this day, a spot is pointed out as the place of his birth, and a piece of ground, called in old writings "*Dun's half of Grueldykes*." He was the most renowned scholar of his day, and is distinguished by the appellation of the "*Subtle Doctor*," according to the fashion of that age. JOHN BASSOL, also a Scotchman, his pupil and cotemporary, was styled the "*Methodical Doctor*;" and his master used to say of him, "If only Johannes Bassiolis be present, I have a sufficient auditory."

The famous MICHAEL SCOTT, commonly known by the name of *Wizard Scott*, was a great philosopher, theologian, astrologer, and mathematician. He was a favorite of Frederick II. at whose court he resided, and translated, at his request, from the Arabic into Latin, the greater part of the works of Aristotle.

JOHN HOLYBUSH, a famous Mathematician, died 1340, wrote a treatise de Sphæra.

JAMES BASSANTIN, a famous astronomer and mathematician, died in 1568; and cotemporary with him was NAPIER of Merchiston, the immortal inventor of the Logarithms, and one of the most original and profound geniuses the world has ever produced. Born 1550, died 1617.

To the same period belong—WILLIAM BARCLAY, an eminent civilian, and father of the still more famous author of the *Argenis*—DR ADAM BLACKWOOD, a man of consummate learning and genius, a senator in the Parliament of Poitiers, author

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of "Apologia pro regebus," in opposition to Buchanan's "De jure regni apud Scotos," and of other works—His brother, HENRY BLACKWOOD, taught philosophy in the university of Paris, and was one of the first modern physicians who sanctioned the letting of Blood—PETER BISSAT or BISSART, professor of Canon Law, in the University of Bononia, died 1568—SIR THOMAS CRAIG, famous as the author of a Treatise on Feudal Law, as an elegant classical scholar and poet—in every respect a great and good man—Sir Thomas Hope, equally distinguished like the former as a lawyer, patriot, and classical scholar and poet—Florence Wilson an accomplished latin scholar and elegant writer, author of a treatise "de animi tranquillitate,"—born 1500.—James Bonaventura Hepburn, an eminent linguist—Gilbert and Thomas Jack or Jachæus, the former an eminent metaphysician, who may be considered as the Father, in point of time, of the Scottish School, so celebrated in our day; the latter a classical scholar of note and author of the "Onomasticon Poeticum"—Henry Scrimger and Edward Henryson, two eminent civilians; the former a profound and elegant scholar; and the latter characterised as inferior to the Papinians alone in the knowledge of the civil law—John Spottiswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and author of "The Church and State of Scotland"—Patrick Adamson, and—Patrick Young the col-ston intimate friend of Lipsius—and Andrew Melville, both eminently contributed to sustain the high classical reputation which Buchanan had acquired for his country—Robert Boyd, Thomas Smeaton, Robert Gordon, Robert Rollock, first Principal of the Edinburgh University, Gulielmus Bellendenus, to be afterwards more particularly noticed, Hume of Godscroft, eminent as an historian and antiquary, with many others of equal distinction in their own day, though little known until Dr McCrie, in his lives of Knox and Melville, and other learned and patriotic antiquaries have rescued their names from that obscurity to which the ungrateful negligence of their country had long consigned them.

The Scottish Historians and Chroniclers of this period, may be advantageously compared with any of their cotemporaries—Hector Boece, the friend of Erasmus, John Major, Fordun, Wintoun, Bellenden, Leslie, and to crown all, the illustrious Buchanan.

Scotland had no University of her own until the middle of the fifteenth Century—she was in a state of perpetual distraction from foreign wars or intestine disorders—there was little patronage or encouragement held out to men of letters; and throughout the whole of the long period, whose literary history we have been tracing, most of our distinguished countrymen were compelled to resort to foreign universities—and yet if we compare the literary character of Scotland with any of her cotemporaries of that age—Italy always excepted—she will be found second to none of them.

NOTE (L).—The Reformation in Scotland, it is well known, was achieved, in opposition to the court, to the existing government, by the energies of the people, directed by the daring spirit, and commanding genius of her great Reformer KNOX. The same people who had combatted so bravely, under Wallace and Bruce, for their liberties, rallied around the intrepid Reformer, who inherited all the soul of those mighty heroes and patriots, and "whose voice," to use the remarkable expression of the English Ambassador, "aroused his countryman like the sound of a trumpet." Indeed, he may be regarded as the very impersonation of the ancient spirit of Scotland now exerted—in a nobler cause, if possible, than even that of national independence—for the emancipation of the human mind from intellectual and moral bondage. To this great and venerable Reformer is Scotland more deeply indebted, than to all her other benefactors, for the distinguished rank which she now holds among the nations of the earth. Without seeking to palliate the excesses committed in a Revolution achieved by the people, in opposition to the Rulers, I think that an impartial review of the history of that event will impress

us with wonder at the moderation and forbearance of the triumphant party, when it was in their power to have retaliated upon their oppressors; and for a few edifices that perished in the shock, it might be a sufficient consolation, one should think, that the noble fabric of national liberty, of pure religion, and a system of church polity, and of general education, productive of the most inestimable blessings, were purchased at so easy a price. The time is now come, when we may reasonably expect that full justice will be done to these illustrious reformers and patriots, so long odious to the dominant party in Britain. The cloud of unmerited obloquy which was so industriously gathered around the splendid names of Knox, Murray, and Buchanan, is already, in a great measure, dispelled; and they stand forth, in all their native majesty and grandeur, like "the everlasting mountains, the perpetual hills" of the land which they redeemed and regenerated.

NOTE (M).—It may be thought by some that more than due honor is here paid to those patriots and martyrs, who did not quail before the frowns of tyranny, nor shrink from the kindled flames of persecution. I am persuaded, that the well-earned renown of these devoted sufferers, in the cause that must ever be dearest to the most noble and generous minds, the holy cause of civil and religious liberty, has, by no means, attained its perfect consummation. In my esteem, they rise far above all Greek, all Roman fame. Until within a comparatively recent period, the political and religious prejudices of the dominant party had succeeded in stifling the voice of historical truth, and the just feelings of a nation's gratitude to her highest benefactors; but time is the ally, the champion of truth, and never fails at last to vindicate her against all opposition. The mighty changes which have been so happily effected in our day, or are still in progress, are merely the complete realisation of the beneficent and glorious designs for which these men, "of whom the world was not worthy," toiled and bled and died. The admirable perfection which the government and institutions of Britain in our day have acquired, are their best monument, their truest panegyric. The Puritans of England, and the Presbyterians of Scotland are, without all question, the Fathers and Founders of British Liberty, Civil and Religious; and from Britain as a *Centre*, the spirit and the fruits of Liberty are now spreading through the civilised world. These are the men, whose almost superhuman energies wrenched, from the reluctant grasp of tyrants, the powers and engines of oppression. They first sowed the seeds of Liberty in our land, and watered them with their blood. They united the sublime fortitude and disinterestedness of the ancient Stoics—the noblest sect of heathen Philosophers and Patriots—and all the daring, generous, and invincible spirit of Grecian and Roman heroes, with the patience and sanctity of Christian Martyrs. What opinion is now formed of the Stuarts, of the Cavaliers, of the Tories and Jacobites of that day? What is the verdict of impartial history on Charles the First, who has been canonised *Martyr by the idolatry of Party-Spirit*? The most disgraceful period in the annals of Britain, without exception, is that of Charles II. and James II. when the Tories and Cavaliers were in the fulness of their power and of their pride! Who that is worthy of the name of Briton can read the history of the corrupt court and venal government of the Second Charles, and not blush for the deep and indelible stain upon our country's name! And what Scotsman can cast even a glance on the infamous government of Lauderdale and his atrocious colleagues, without blessing the memory of those patriots and heroes, who stood forth with undaunted and magnanimous spirit to resist their Brutal Tyrants. A historical monument, worthy of the great Fathers and Founders of British Liberty, is still a desideratum in our literature. The time is now come when such a pious and patriotic work would be hailed with almost unanimous welcome, with universal sympathy.

I have always regarded it as the great and, indeed, the only defect in the character of the late Sir Walter Scott, that he discovers through all his writings, not merely a want of true sympathy with the heroic champions of Religious Liberty,

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bnt in a degree, which it is painful to contemplate, has laboured to throw a false glory round their oppressors, especially the infamous Claverhouse, one of the most ruthless and unprincipled tools of arbitrary power, while his genius has prostituted its heaven-given strength, to pour derision and scorn upon the glorious sufferers! This must, in part, be imputed to the peculiar and decided bias which was early impressed upon his imagination in favor of the rude and barbarous magnificence of the olden times, which the Reformers contributed to demolish, while the new fabric which they reared, and of which the merits were pretty nearly in proportion to its departure from the ancient time-hallowed barbarism, revolted in the same degree the taste, I might say the prejudices, of the Great Bard of gothic ages and feudal manners and usages. The political party to which Scott had attached himself, no doubt, under the influence of this poetical predilection for the olden times, still further tended to estrange his sympathies from those who signalled themselves by the decisive blow which they struck at the root of a system, hallowed and endeared to his ardent imagination. It is, nevertheless, but justice to the memory of that great and good man, to observe, that though this perverse turn of his imagination gives an unhappy tinge to the colouring of his history, he has stated his facts and drawn his characters with nearly all the substantial fidelity of impartial truth and justice, and certainly has contributed more than all other writers of his day to enlist our sympathies on the side of the humbler class of our fellowmen; and, by enhancing our estimate of the dignity and worth of our common nature, has done more than any direct or avowed advocacy could have effected, to promote the most liberal views and sentiments on all the great questions, political and religious, which affect the wellbeing of man and of society. The moral influence of his writings, will make ample amends for the political and party-prejudices of the man! The moral power of his genius will neutralise the gothic perversities of his imagination and opinions!

To enable the reader to form a correct estimate of *the character and spirit of* Claverhouse, afterward Viscount Dundee, the unworthy idol of the Jacobite party, and to set in its true light the singular contrast between the Tory or Cavalier party in the end of the seventeenth century, and the Presbyterians of that day, I shall transcribe the following narrative from Chambers' Dictionary, under the article Graham (John):

"In 1682, Claverhouse was appointed sheriff of Wigton, in which office his brother, David Graham, was joined with him the year following. To particularize the murders and the robberies committed by the brothers, in the exercise of their civil and military callings, would require a volume. Ensnaring oaths and healths, Claverhouse himself had ever at his finger ends; and if any refused these, they were instantly dragged to prison, provided there was a prospect of making any thing out of them in the shape of money; otherwise they had the advantage of being killed on the spot, though sometimes not without being victims of the most refined cruelty. This was particularly the case with regard to John Brown, styled the Christian Carrier, whom Claverhouse laid hold of in a summer morning in 1685, going to his work in the fields. Intending to kill this innocent and worthy person, the persecutor brought him back to his own house, and subjected to a long examination, before his wife and family. Being solidly and seriously answered, he tauntingly inquired at his prisoner if he was a preacher; and in the same spirit, when answered in the negative, remarked, "If he had never preached meikle, he had prayed in his time;" informing him at the same time that he was instantly to die. The poor unoffending victim addressed himself to the duty of prayer, along with his family, with all the fervour of a devout mind in the immediate prospect of eternity, and thrice by Claverhouse was interrupted by the remark, that he had got time to pray, but was beginning to preach. With one simple reply, that he knew neither the nature of praying nor preaching, the good man went on and concluded his address, without the smallest confusion. He was then commanded to take farewell of his wife and children, which he did with the most resigned composure, kissing them individually and wishing all purchased and

promised blessings, along with his own, to be multiplied upon them. A volley from six of the troopers then scattered his head in fragments upon the ground; when Claverhouse, mounting his horse, as if to insult the sorrows of the woman whom he had thus wickedly made a widow, asked her what she thought of her husband now. "I thought ever much of him," was the reply, "and now as much as ever."—"It were justice," said he, "to lay thee beside him."—"If ye were permitted" said the much injured woman, "I doubt not but your cruelty would carry you that length; but how will you make answer for this morning's work?"—"To man I can be answerable," said the audacious tyrant, "and for God, I will take him in my own hand;" and putting spurs to his horse, galloped off, leaving the woman with her bereaved babes, and the corpse of her murdered husband, without a friend or a neighbour that was not at some miles distance. The poor woman, borrowing strength from her despair, meantime set down her infant on the ground, gathered and tied up the scattered brains of her husband, straightened his body, wrapping it up in her plaid, and, with her infants around her, sat down and wept over him. Claverhouse had, in the year previous to this, been constituted captain of the royal regiment of horse, was sworn a privy councillor, and had a gift from the king of the estate of Dudhope, and along with it the constabularyship of Dundee, then in the hands of Lauderdale, upon paying a sum of money to the chancellor."

I regard this narrative as a striking and fair specimen of the spirit and principles by which the two parties of Whigs and Tories, at this time, were actuated; and nothing could more emphatically demonstrate the incorrigible perversity of party-spirit than the fact, that a man possessing the incomparable endowments of mind and heart, which distinguished the late Sir Walter Scott, should have allowed his sympathies to have been so vilely prostituted. How virulent the malignancy of Faction which, while it almost canonised such monsters as Claverhouse, impotently strove to *damn* the memory of Knox, Murray, and Buchanan. When the prejudices which still linger in the two great parties, formed in the seventeenth century, and which still continue to divide the British Nation are finally dissipated—an epoch which cannot now be far distant—I have no doubt that the history of the sufferings of Brown, and his immortal brotherhood of compatriots, confessors, and martyrs will form the brightest page in British annals. When they shall find an historian worthy of their transcendent merits, (and who would not envy the laurels of such a modern Tacitus!) the glories of Cressy, Agincourt, Bannockburn, and Waterloo—nay, those of Marathon and Thermopylae will fade and wax dim. For are not these men the Fathers of all that constitutes the noblest distinction of our age? Of what one blessing, of which we now boast, should we have been inheritors, had not these incomparable men striven for the cause of Knowledge, Religion, and Liberty; yea striven for it even unto the death? What must have become of *human rights*, had certain alleged divine rights set up, and with equal absurdity and impiety avowed in the days of our forefathers, yea and (*mirabile dictu*) not very unambiguously disavowed by some—*IN OUR DAY*—in the middle of the nineteenth century? I am well aware that it is the cue of those who hate intellectual and moral light, and civil and religious liberty, as *owls and bats* hate the sun, and the day, to declaim against the assassinations and excesses of the Covenanters. They have a strange, mysterious sympathy with the Beaton and the Sharps, the most infamous men—for such impartial history stamps them—but all their sensibilities are exhausted in behalf of the oppressor—none reserved for his struggling victims. Regicides and Assassins are worthy of the everlasting curse of mankind; but when law and human rights are trampled under foot by kings and their ministers and minions, much more when tyranny arrays itself in the forms of law and legitimacy to oppress and to murder—society is virtually dissolved, and all civil obligations with it—and things may be said to revert to a state of nature. Oppression drives wise men mad, and justifies any means of resistance or defence, which the law of self-preservation, the first law of nature, will warrant. The errors and the blemishes of the Covenanters, whatever they may have been, will be lost in

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the splendor of their sublime faith, constancy, and self-devotion to their God and their country—will be lost in the brutal atrocities of their fiendish persecutors and murderers.

A Scotsman is the last man on earth to countenance or to connive at arbitrary power or religious bigotry and ecclesiastical domination and intolerance! and if he does not feel a lively and generous sympathy with his illustrious forefathers, and a warm and heartfelt attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty, he acts very consistently in keeping, as much as possible, out of view (which it is alleged some of our countrymen are fain to do) that he belongs to a land which has done more than any other of the British Nations, and certainly not less than any other nation in the world for the sacred rights of Conscience, for the dearest birth-right of every one not unworthy of the British name. That there are such Scotsmen at home, and still more abroad, is matter of grief and mortification, and verities, in some measure, the reproach cast upon our country of being destitute of the spirit of civil and political liberty—that spirit which lives and glows in the bosoms of Englishmen, and has justly ennobled their country. That this is in some measure true, the warmest admirer of Scotland must concede; and it requires all the glory of her heroic struggle for national independence, and all the sufferings and exertions of her Patriots and Reformers to compensate for this ignoble lethargy, and for the notorious servility and time-serving meanness which it is difficult to account for, and to reconcile, with the many noble traits of the national character. (See Note Q).

I speak feelingly, and with an emotion at once sorrowful and indignant, that with some honorable exceptions, our influential countrymen in these Colonies have betrayed, if not a want of self-respect, a most unaccountable apathy and blindness to the honor and to the rights of themselves and of their countrymen, who naturally looked up to them for patronage and protection, in tamely standing still, in passively looking on, while those rights of their country—secured, thanks to the energy and determination of our forefathers, by the act of union—have been most shamefully violated, and, as if to aggravate the wrong—the insult—through the agency of some leading Scotsmen, in church and state, who, if their names are not, happily for their posterity, buried in their graves, will make a figure in the page of history which I do not envy, and for which I would deem all their ill gotten wealth and nominal honors a very inadequate consolation! When I arrived in this Province, and for a good many years afterwards there was a Provincial Statute, which rendered it more than doubtful whether a marriage solemnised by a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, was legal or not! And to this hour there are Statutes in upper Canada nearly as degrading and iniquitous! When will my countrymen have the manliness to vindicate themselves from the reproach of being, through their own abject sufferance, reduced to the condition of an inferior *case*? Are there so few Scotsmen in these Colonies? Are they held of so little account? Is there influence so small, or their spirit so craven, so degenerated from the *good old times*, (a term oft misapplied, but if ever true, certainly true in this *case*), that they can tolerate, that they can brook the injury—the insult inflicted upon themselves and their country? It is not by a tame submission to such indignities that we shall serve the best interests, either of this, or of the parent country. These are the real original causes of disaffection to the Government, and of internal faction and discord. The notorious and, I must add, ungrateful partiality of his Majesty's successive administrations—who—deaf to the remonstrances and petitions of his Scottish subjects in these Colonies, for support to our Church, have either, while expressly admitting, and publicly recognising the justice of their claims, done nothing, or what they have done, is so palpably throwing, as it were, a cake to Cerberus, that—though I cannot blame, yet I must needs regret that the unworthy and almost insulting I fear, insidious boon, paltry as it is, which was in Upper Canada vouchsafed to our clergy, should have been accepted—has had a powerful tendency to alienate the hearts of the Scottish portion of the Colonists; and if a more righteous and generous policy is not speedily adopted, will have the effect of

extinguishing the last spark of attachment to the British Government. Indeed, judging from the experience of the past, we may well despair of seeing justice done so us in respect to our undoubted rights—at least our Religious rights. There is so much apathy on the part of those who ought to have been our warmest advocates, our most unflinching champions; there are so many of our countrymen in official situations neutral, and, I fear, much worse than neutral—secret opponents; and the Government has, shame to say, so long trifled with their own solemn pledges, that I, for one, hail with ardent satisfaction the announcement of the Constitutional Associations to resist all attempts to establish dominant churches, and by withholding all pecuniary or other support from all sects, to put an end to the scramble. I speak my honest conviction, when I say that it would have been well for the peace and prosperity of these Colonies, had the voice of the country been raised long ago, in opposition to a course of policy, totally inapplicable to the circumstances of the Canadas and of their population; and if the Constitutionists will manfully persevere until they redeem their pledge, they will establish a claim to the highest gratitude of this great and rising nation, and will have their praise enrolled in the fairest page of its history. I am well aware how unacceptable these doctrines are, and how little the avowal of them redounds to the advantage of him who is so bold and imprudent as to register them among the articles of his creed; but it were to shut our ears against the loudest and most impressive warnings of the past history of Scotland and the past and present experience of Ireland, not to denounce—to protest against any, the least, approach to such a system in this country, and in this period of time.

NOTE (N).—The following extract from Scottish History, in the Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir Walter Scott, will illustrate and confirm what I have stated in this paragraph:

"The wars between the sister kingdoms seemed now about to be rekindled, after the interval of two-thirds of a century; and notwithstanding the greatly superior power of England, there was no room for absolute confidence in her ultimate success. The Scots, though divided into parties, so far as church government was concerned, were unanimous in acknowledging the right of King Charles, whereas the English were far from making common cause against his claims. On the contrary, if the stern arm of Sectaries, now about to take the field, should sustain any great disaster, the Cavaliers of England, with great part of the Presbyterians in that country, were alike disposed to put the King once more at the head of the government; so that not the fate of Scotland alone, but of England also, was committed to the event of the present war.

"Neither were the armies and generals opposed to each other unworthy of the struggle. If the army of Cromwell consisted of veteran soldiers, inured to constant victory, that of Scotland was fresh, numerous, and masters of their own strong country, which was the destined scene of action. If Cromwell had defeated the most celebrated generals of the Cavaliers, David Lesley, the effective commander-in-chief in Scotland, had been victor over Montrose, more renowned perhaps than any of them. If Cromwell was a general of the most decisive character, celebrated for the battles which he had won, Lesley was, by early education, a trained soldier, more skilful than his antagonist in taking positions, defending passes, and all the previous arrangements of a campaign. With these advantages on the different sides, the eventual struggle commenced."

Passing over the intermediate part of the historian's narration, I shall quote his account of the conclusion of this campaign:

"The situation of the English army now became critical;—their provisions were like to be exhausted, the communication with the fleet grew daily more precarious, while Lesley, with the same prudence which had hitherto, guided his defence, baffled all the schemes of the English leader, without exposing his army

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to the risk of a general action, until Cromwell, fairly out-generalled by the address of his enemy, was compelled to retire towards England.

"Lesley, on his part, left his lines without delay for the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the English. Moving by a shorter line, he took possession with his army of the skirts of Lammermoor, a ridge of hills terminating on the sea near the town of Dunbar, abounding with difficult passes, all of which he occupied strongly. Here he proposed to await the attack of the English, with every chance, nay, almost with the certainty, of gaining a great and decisive victory.

"Cromwell was reduced to much perplexity. To force his way, it was necessary to attack a tremendous pass called Cockburn's path, where, according to Cromwell's own description, one man might do more to defend, than ten to make way. And if he engaged in this desperate enterprise, he was liable to be attacked by the numerous forces of Lesley in flank and rear. He saw all the danger, and entertained thoughts of embarking his foot on board of his ships, and cutting his own way as he best could, at the head of his cavalry.

"At this moment, the interference of the Presbyterian preachers, and the influence which they possessed over the Scottish army and General, ruined this fair promise of success. In spite of all the prudent remonstrances of Lesley, they insisted that the Scottish army should be led from their strong position, to attack the English upon equal ground. This, in the language of Scripture, they called going down against the Philistines at Gilgal."

It may not be uninteresting to trace here the influence of the successive revolutions and changes in Scotland upon the destinies of Britain.

Had Edward the first and his successors accomplished their ambitious design of reducing Scotland into a Province of England, the power of the crown must have been augmented in a degree, which would have given it an easy victory over the aristocracy and the people.

Had it not been for the Reformers, Scotland, under the regency of Mary of Guise, and the reign of the unfortunate Queen of that name, would, in all probability, have sunk into a state of dependence on France, which might have thrown up an insurmountable barrier to the subsequent union of the Kingdoms.

But for the spirit of resistance, aroused in Scotland against the intolerant measures of Charles the first, the strong attachment of the nation to the cause of monarchy, and to their ancient race of kings would, in all probability, have united them with that monarch in his wars with the English Parliament, in which case, it is to be feared, that the cause of Liberty would have been lost, or its triumph put off to a far distant day.

And when a spirit of passive, servile submission to the infamous government of Charles II. and his bigot brother and successor seemed to have supplanted in England the generous ardour of the days of Milton and Hampden; and when the nobility of Scotland, for the most part, were either degraded into the infamous tools of tyranny—of worse than inquisitorial iniquity and cruelty—or crouching basely under the yoke, were looking tamely and unresistingly upon their country's humiliation and misery, the Covenanters maintained an unequal but desperate struggle; and the blood which they shed did not flow in vain—it cried to heaven, to earth, for vengeance, and its voice was heard by God and man. While the ground was still reeking with their blood, and the throne of iniquity seemed to be triumphant, the silent, secret flame of Divine wrath had consumed all the ties that united the ill-fated monarch (James the Second) to his kingdom; until deserted, all of a sudden, by his army, his courtiers, his children—forsaken by God and man—he was suffered, by the contempt of his subjects, to pass—unmolested as unpitied—through his dominions into an ignominious exile, from which no efforts of his own or his descendants, with all the aid afforded by the Catholic Powers of Europe, could avail, to restore them to their forfeited throne. It was at this critical juncture, that the Scottish Estates issued their memorable declaration, that James II. had forfeited his title to the throne; while the English only ventured to assert that he had deserted it!

The spirit which was enkindled in the hearts of the Scottish people in fighting the battles of National Independence, or Religious Liberty, carried them also triumphantly through the very hazardous period of the Treaty of union with England, when every art and effort were employed to impose disadvantageous terms upon the weaker country. The singular spectacle was presented, of the whole nation formed, as it were, into a military encampment, armed, trained, organised, and ready to second by force, the arguments and eloquence of those who sought to resist the project of union, or at least claimed to treat on terms of perfect equality. The result of this treaty, however unsatisfactory it proved at the time, it is well-known has been equally auspicious to both nations—and the prosperity and glory of Scotland have risen to a height, far exceeding the most sanguine hopes—a consummation to be attributed to the secure establishment of her peculiar laws and institutions, and the equal participation of all rights and privileges with her sister Kingdom.

And finally, it is important to remark, in respect to our national institutions, that had the attempt of the Stuarts, to model them upon the pattern of those in the sister kingdom, been crowned with success, they would have been unsuitable to the genius, feelings, and circumstances of the people. The patronage, influence, and government of the country, and all its establishments, had rarely been introduced, would inevitably have fallen into the hands of strangers, and of those, at least, who had little sympathy with the majority of the nation. One of two effects must have ensued—either the spirit of the people would have been utterly crushed; or, which is more probable, two fierce irreconcilable parties, like the Orangemen and Ribbonmen of Ireland, would have been arrayed on her soil, as on a battle-field, in domestic strife; and Scotland, being less populous, and naturally much poorer than her sister Ireland, would have exhibited a still more melancholy spectacle of distraction and wretchedness. Happily for the interests of learning, religion, liberty; happily for the prosperity of Britain, and of the British Empire, this evil consummation has been arrested; and to whom do we owe the debt of gratitude for our deliverance? To whom, but to those ill requited and much calumniated men who stood in the breach, who lavished their best blood to redeem their country from thralldom, and from all its inevitable train of miseries!

NOTE (O).—I have endeavoured to show, both from facts and from the testimony of unquestionable and competent judges, that prior to the reign of Elizabeth, at least Scotland had a decided pre-eminence in literature over her sister kingdom. The calamitous distractions arising out of the arbitrary government of the house of Stuart, and of the oppressive measures pursued by them in regard to Scotland, while they gave a powerful impulse to the active energies of the nation, diverted their minds for nearly a century and a half from philosophy and literature. At the period of the union, there was a universal and strong excitement produced by that measure which was exceedingly unpopular; and the excitement was not allowed to subside, through the active intrigues of the numerous and powerful Jacobite party, and the emissaries of France and of the house of Stuart, until after the decisive battle of Colloden, in 1746.

The dialect of the common language of the two nations, used in Scotland upon the union of the crowns, and especially after the union of the kingdoms, ceased to be a fit vehicle of literature. But the genius and the industry of the nation soon surmounted every obstruction; and Scotland, as if eager to recover, without delay, her former pre-eminence, and to make amends for the blank in her literary history which had been occasioned by a long train of national adversities, entered, with renovated vigor, into the glorious *palestra* of intellectual competition with her modern cotemporaries. Her genius, towards the end of the last century, burst forth with unparalleled splendor; and its career has been one unbroken tract of living light—down to the present hour. That I may not seem to have spoken the high sounding language of vanity, or flattery, I shall present the reader with a hurried

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and imperfect sketch of the various departments of art, science, and literature in which Scotland has acquired distinction, with a list of the eminent men who have shone in each department.

At an early period, the publication of the *Logarithmic Canon*, by the immortal Napier, opened a new and boundless career to science, and formed a brilliant era in the history of the human mind. It may be confidently affirmed, that no single discovery has ever been made, by the genius of man, to rival this profound invention. To Adam Smith, we owe the introduction of the present liberal and enlightened principles of trade, commerce, legislation, and policy which have already been recognised, and in some measure acted upon, throughout the civilised world, and promise to effect a complete regeneration of the commercial and political system. To Watt, Bell, Taylor, not only the British Empire, but the world at large, is indebted for the knowledge of the Steam Engine, and for its successive applications to the purposes of manufactures and navigation. This is one of the grandest revolutions in the history of art; and whether we consider the vastness of this new mechanical power, its susceptibility of application to almost every department of physical improvement, its universal influence on the condition of man, and the incalculable extent, and inestimable value of its effects, we can scarcely hesitate to assign to it a place, only second to that of the art of Printing.

To the celebrated Dr. Reid, and the Scottish school of metaphysicians, we owe the first establishment of a sound and solid foundation of the philosophy of man and of society: a renovation of the mental, moral, and political sciences, similar to the substitution of the philosophy of Bacon and Newton, in place of that of Aristotle and Ptolemy.

The names of Knox, Buchanan, Black, Hume, Stuart, Burns, Jeffrey, Brougham, Brown, Sir Walter Scott, may be said severally to form epochs, more or less brilliant, in the progress of the human mind. Knox sustains, not only the venerable character of the Reformer of Religion and the Founder of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, he is also the original projector of a Plan of National Education which has only been partially realised. The scheme proposed by Knox was comprehensive and enlightened in a degree far transcending the narrow ideas of that age—it was rejected, because the avaricious rapacity of the nobles had wrested to their own use, the greater part of the Church revenues. It was this scheme which the Regent Morton, unwilling to part with his sacrilegious plunder, characterised "as a devout imagination." Buchanan unites in his own person the manifold glory of being the greatest scholar, philosopher, historian, and poet of his day; he was eminent as a statesman and reformer, as the apostle and patriarch of Freedom and Constitutional Government. He was the Wickliffe of civil and political reform. Never in the history of the world, was there united in one man, such a concentration of splendid, and seemingly incompatible excellencies and accomplishments. Black is the patriarch, or founder of the modern Chemical Philosophy, the proudest and most magnificent monument which physical science has reared in these latter days. Hume occupies the first rank as an eloquent and philosophical Historian; and, with one exception, is the most original and subtle of modern metaphysicians. His writings form a very memorable era in the progress of letters, and of moral and political philosophy. Dugald Stuart, distinguished by the universality of his knowledge and accomplishments, may not be unaptly styled the Plato of Scotland. He resembled that great sage in the vast and beneficent influence of his wisdom, eloquence, and virtue while he lived; and his noblest of the untutored sons of genius—Nature's own purely inspired bard—the Ayrshire ploughman—the proudest peasant of a land, whose peasantry are her pride. Jeffrey, the first editor, and one of the first and chief projectors of the Edinburgh Review; a new and most powerful, and extensively influential organ, kindled Scotland into political life and activity, contributed more, than any other work in our day, to the great Reform which has been so recently achieved in the

institutions of our country, has been the model of similar works in Europe and America and giving a new direction, by the example of its brilliant success, to modern talent and genius, has introduced them into the great arena of the Periodical Press. This great man, like many other of his countrymen, possesses a singular versatility of genius, and is not more distinguished by his natural endowments, than by the extent and variety of his acquirements, literary, professional, and scientific. The name of Brougham suggests at once the glorious spectacle of a mighty mind, of the most splendid original powers, of the vastest and most various intellectual acquirements, wholly devoted to the service of his country and mankind. No man has stamped more deep and lasting impressions of his genius and intellectual and moral power upon the age in which he lives. I do not believe that, with the exception of the immortal father of true Philosophy—Bacon—a mightier spirit has ever pre-ided in the supreme Judicatory of Britain. It is a singular fact, that the most original and profound intellects are rarely appreciated in their own generation. They rise too far above the level of their cotemporaries. The name of Brown is known throughout the world of science and letters; but there are only a few that are im-pressed with a full sense of his transcendent genius, and unrivalled acquirements in that master science, on whose development depend, the best hopes of human improvement. The name of Brown will be venerated by posterity, as the Locke of the nineteenth century. And finally, to complete this series of matchless names, I need only mention the Shakspeare of his country and age, Sir Walter Scott.

In the great departments of history, psychology, moral and political philosophy, I may justly claim for Scotland a pre-eminence over all nations, ancient or modern.

In mathematics, the names of Napier, M'Laurin, Simpson, and the Gregorys, will sufficiently establish her equality with either France or England, especially if we keep in view her relative population.

In classical literature she might contest the palm with modern Italy. The illustrious Buchanan has no equal in modern Latinity, and has eclipsed even antiquity itself, by uniting in equal perfection the highest merits of poet, historian, and philosopher. This truly great man is at once the Horace, Livy, and Tacitus of Scotland. Arthur Johnston, his countryman, has disputed the palm of merit with Buchanan, as a Latinist, and though inferior in genius, is allow'd, in some of his versions of the Psalms, to have more than rivalled his great model. Gullielmus Bellendenus, one of the most consummate masters in the language and literature of ancient Rome, may well be placed by the side of Buchanan. His name and his works have been rescued from obscurity, if not from oblivion, by the late Dr. Parr. For further information with respect to Bellenden, and other names which I shall have occasion to mention in the sequel, I refer the reader to Chambers' Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen—a book well entitled to a place in every Scotsman's library.

In almost all the various walks of Poetry, with the exception of the *Drama*, the genius of our country has attained the highest honors. And if France and England have excelled her in the drama, she has surpassed them in prose works of Fiction, in the Novel, or Historical Romance, which differs from dramatic poetry only in form. The name of Scott will rank only beneath that of Shakspeare. Indeed he may be said to be the creator of a new species of literature.

Scotland, more than any country, perhaps not excepting ancient Greece, is remarkable for her *indigenous growth of Poetry*, if I may be allowed the expression. In France and England it has been the fruit of culture and imitation, founded upon classical models. But Scotland has poured forth, with all the spontaneousness of natural inspiration, the most abundant profusion of wild flowers of poetry—whose simple, artless beauty—whose pure fragrance, the immediate breath of heaven, give them a charm all their own—and refresh the heart like the violets, the daisies, and the blue bells with which nature has adorned the lonely sequestered paths of our romantic land. The native song and music of Scotland may truly be called popular, for they spring from the heart of her people, and they find a ready echo there.

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In this exquisite and eminently characteristic species of Lyrics, she is rich beyond compare. Other nations may boast of eminent poets; nor need Scotland blush to tell her own; but she can add, that the very soul of her people is richly imbued with the sweetest nectar of the gods, and can appeal to her national music and song as ever-living witnesses of the justice of her claim.

The palm of Eloquence Scotland may contest with the most distinguished of her cotemporaries. In the eloquence of the bar, of the senate, and of the pulpit, she may boast of names entitled to the very highest distinction. The Scottish bar, in every age, has teemed with genius and eloquence of the highest order. President Forbes, Sir Geo. M'Kenzie, Henry Erskine, Cranstoun, Clerk, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Moncrieff, Murray, are only a few of our great forensic pleaders and orators. The names of Wedderburn (Lord Chancellor Loughborough), Murray (Lord Mansfield), Erskine (Lord Chancellor), Sir James Mackintosh, Horner, Dundas (Lord Melville), Lord Chancellor Brougham, M'Aulay, have shone with superior lustre in the British Senate. Knox, Melville, Bruce, Henderson, Binning, Blair, Walker, Robertson, Erskine, Logan, Moncrieff (Sir Henry), Chalmers, Thomson, Campbell, and Gerrard, have placed the oratory of the Scottish Pulpit on an equality, in this respect, with that of the Senate and the Bar. Nor ought I in justice to omit the names of Bishop Forbes, Burnett, Leighton (Archbishop), Alison, Sandford, who have given an equally elevated rank in eloquence to the Episcopal Church of Scotland. But a more decisive evidence perhaps of the peculiar turn of Scottish genius in this direction, is the remarkable fact, that her Metaphysical school of authors have been distinguished by a wonderful purity, force, and not unfrequently eloquence of style, forming a striking contrast with the usual dryness and ruggedness which render this class of writers, so generally unpalatable. Compare, for example, the style of Locke, Cudworth, Butler, the greatest metaphysicians of England, with that of Hutcheson, Reid, Campbell, Beattie, Ferguson, Smith, Hume, Stewart, and Brown. Nothing, in my mind, can so decisively prove that there is more of innate fire and energy in the Scottish national character, which foreigners have long remarked and designated as the "*præfervidum ingenium Scotorum*," which may account for their superiority in eloquence, and the force, feeling, and fervor which they carry with them into every subject, enlivening even the driest and most abstract. I might add to these the names of M'Laurin, Leslie, Playfair, and the late Dr. James Gregory, whose genius and eloquence have illuminated the most unpromising disquisitions of medical and mathematical learning.

In Periodical Literature, which in our day has attracted to itself men of the highest genius, talent, and learning, Scotland can boast of a triumphant superiority. The Edinburgh, the London Quarterly, and the Metropolitan Reviews; Blackwood's, Tait's, Frazer's Magazines are all conducted by Scottish Editors. The same may be said of the most able and influential Newspapers.

The genius of our country is equally distinguished in the contrasted pursuits of Physical and Metaphysical Science. Her genius and spirit have been alike conspicuous in action and speculation; and her speculations in her favorite walk of the moral and metaphysical sciences, have all been generally directed to practical and useful ends and, if we except those of Hume, have borne an aspect propitious to the best interests of religion and virtue. In these respects the metaphysical philosophy of Scotland has greatly the advantage of that of France and Germany: the former tainted with infidelity, and the latter obnoxious to the charge of mysticism—at least not stamped with those characters of sobriety and practical usefulness, which generally mark the Scottish school.

The contributions which she has made to the arts, to all the improvements which tend to ameliorate the condition of man, and to heighten the comforts and enjoyments of human life, bear a full proportion to her services in the higher walks of science, philosophy, and letters.

To her the world is indebted for the most perfect system of Agriculture. In the course of little more than a century, she has risen from the lowest, to the very

highest point of skill and science in this most useful and essential of all the arts. Nor is it unimportant to add, that in the kindred arts of Horticulture and Arboriculture—the former requiring the combination of taste and science—she has equally taken the lead of all nations.

Medicine has received from her, in every one of its departments, contributions which will be best estimated by simply suggesting the names of Cullen, the Munroes, Hunters, Bells, Gregorys.

Another Art requiring the rarest combination of genius and science for its perfection, is Engineering. The names of Watt, Rennie, Telford, abundantly attest our country's pre-eminence here also. To the two last Britain is indebted for her noblest Public Works, surpassing those of any other country or age. M'Adams, in our day, has enrolled his name among the benefactors of the world, by an improvement, in one of the arts, most essential to Commerce and Civilisation.

The present system of Naval Tactics, which has won for her all her successive triumphs on her own peculiar element, from the days of Rodney down to those of Nelson, Britain owes to the genius of a Scotsman (Clerk of Eldin), who, strange to tell, had no opportunity of personal observation, or practical experience, in Naval affairs.

To the genius of Paterson, the able but unfortunate projector of the Darien Scheme, we owe the establishment of the Banks of England and Scotland. It will remain an indelible stain upon the character of his contemporaries, that no public acknowledgment was made to his singular talents and merit while he lived, and that one of the greatest men, and best benefactors of his country, should have been suffered to die in poverty and neglect. Dr. Bell, the author of the Madras System, has brought into the service of Education, an Engine, analogous in nature and equal in power to that of steam, in Physics; while another Clergyman, belonging to our national Church, has produced the invention of Saving Banks; a useful and effective auxiliary to the former, in ameliorating the condition, and elevating the character of the lower classes. Though circumstances have not been equally propitious to her advancement in the Fine Arts—painting, sculpture, and architecture—she possesses in each of these departments, excellence sufficient to demonstrate her capability of rivaling the nations, hitherto most successful in the cultivation of them.—In every age she has been renowned for the martial spirit and genius of her sons. There is scarcely a country in Europe that is not under obligations to the military talents and achievements of her soldier adventurers. They have won laurels in Germany, Holland, France, Sweden, Spain, Russia, Prussia. And the catalogue of her distinguished Warriors, will be found to comprise the majority of the captains and heroes, whose names adorn the British Annals.—There is scarcely a nation in Europe which does not enroll, in the list of its Teachers and Ornaments, some of the lettered and ingenious exiles from the Ultima Thule of Britain; and while enough is known, and every day is bringing new names to light, to reflect a brilliant supernumerary lustre on her literary fame, it is much to be regretted, that materials so scanty have been rescued from oblivion, to serve as records of those interesting apostles and missionaries of literature, while the names of many of them, without doubt, are irretrievably lost to their country.

In order further to verify the above statements, and to put it in the power of every reader to test the justice of the high claims, which I feel myself warranted to prefer on behalf of my country, I here subjoin a list of those Scotsmen who have distinguished themselves in the various departments of art, science, literature, &c.

Having little time for research, and few sources of information at hand, I must crave indulgence for looseness and want of precision in the arrangement, and for any omissions or slight inaccuracies in the following *Catalogue Raisonnee* of Scottish Worthies—trusting that it will be found substantially correct and sufficient to warrant the general estimate which I have formed:

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HISTORIANS.—Hector Boece, Fordun, Bellenden, Wintoun, John Major, Geo. Buchanan, Leslie (Bishop of Ross), Keith, Hume (Godscroft), Spottiswood, Calderwood, Woodrow, David Chambers, Patrick Abercrombie, Alexander Cunningham, Archibald Bower, Sir D. Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), Geo. Lockhart, Burnett (Bishop), Drummond (Hawthornden), Hume, Robertson, Smollett, Henry, Watson, Thomson, Gilbert Stuart, M'Pherson, Pinkerton, Guthrie (W. and H.), R. Johnston, Anderson, Cook, M'Crie, Tytler, Brodie, Heron, M'Diarmid, Malcolm Laing, Russel, Dr. Lothian, Dr. Sommerville, Gillies, Sir W. Drummond, Adam Ferguson, Geo. Chalmers, Sir W. Scott, Sir Jas. Mackintosh, Sir James Dalrymple, Sir John Dalrymple (Cranston), Dr. John Campbell, Alison, Sir John Malcolm, Dr. Francis Buchanan.

ANTIQUARIES.—Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, Sir Jas. Balfour, Sir Robert Sibbald, Bishop Keith, Bannatyne, Father Innes, James Sibbald, Sir Richard Maitland, Lord Hailes, Pinkerton, Alex. Gordon, Patrick Abercrombie, James Anderson, Geo. Chalmers, Dr. Jameson, Dr. M'Crie, Sir W. Scott, David Stuart Erskine (Earl of Buchan), Sir Wm. Drummond, Wm. Maitland, John Horsley, Wm. Tytler of Woodhouselee, Goodall, John Callender (Craigforth).

PHILOSOPHERS.—Johannes Duns Scotus, Michael Scott, Gilbert Jacheus, Dalgarno, And. Baxter, Hutcheson, Smith, Reid, Stewart, T. Brown, A. Ferguson, Hutton, Lord Kaimes, Beattie, Campbell, Black, Robison, Sir John Leslie, Sir Robert Murray, Watt, Sir James Hall, Dr. Abercrombie, Alison (Archibald), Playfair, Sir James Macintosh, Sir David Brewster, Millar, Sir James Stewart, Earl of Lauderdale, Dr. M'Culloch, Dr. Chalmers (four last political economists).

POETS.—Thomas of Erceldou, John Barbour, Harry the Minstrel, Gawin Douglass, Wm. Dunbar, James I. Sir David Lindsay, Henryson, James V. Alex. Hume, Sir Robt. Ayton, Wm. Alexander (Earl of Stirling), Sir Alex. Mure (Rowallan), Alex. Barclay, Buchanan, Drummond, Montgomery, Blair, A. Ramsay, Alex. Ross, Hamilton (Bangour), Ferguson, Thomson, Mallet, Meikle, Meston, M. Bruce, Blacklock, Logan, Wilkie, M'Pherson, Beattie, Falconer, Home, Dr. Arbuthnot, Burns, Hogg, Leyden, Allan Cunningham, Joanna Baillie, Tennant, Campbell, Scott (Sir W.), Pollok, Wilson, Motherwell, and who has a better title to claim Byron than Scotland, in which he spent the first ten years of life, not only received his first impressions, but had his character completely stamped and moulded?

PEASANT POETS.—Henry the Minstrel (blind), A. Ramsay, Burns, Hogg, A. Wilson (Ornithologist), Allan Cunningham, Falconer, Tannahill, Rich. Gall, Laidlaw, Gilfillan, Rogers, A. Nicol, Macneil, Dugald Buchanan. Duncan M'Intyre, Kenneth Campbell (three last Gaelic bards), Malcolm, Smith.

NOVELISTS AND ROMANCERS.—Thomas of Erceldou, Barclay (Argenis), A. Hamilton (Count), Chevalier Ramsay, Smollett, H. M'Kenzie, Dr. Moor, Sir W. Scott, J. Galt, Mrs. Brunton, Miss Ferrie, Mrs. Johnston, Hope (Anastanus), Wilson, Lockhart, Dr. Moir, Capt. Hamilton.

MEN DISTINGUISHED BY ERUDITION.—*By proficiency in Classical and Elegant Literature.*—Hector Boece, James Gordon, John Bellenden or Ballentine, Guelimus Bellendenus, James Bonaventura Hepburn (a great Linguist), George Buchanan, Arthur Johnston, Andrew Melville, Erskine of Dun, Patrick Young, Patrick Adamson (an elegant Latin poet), Florence Wilson, Drummond (Hawthornden), Principal Baillie, Principal Boyd, Sir Geo. M'Kenzie, Bishop John Sage, Thomas Ruddiman, Sir Thomas Hope (Latin Poet), Ninian Paterson, Bishop Leslie, David Wedderburn (an eminent scholar and Latin poet, styled by Vossius, Homo Fruditissimus), Edward Henryson, Henry Scriver, Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, Thomas Dempster, Robert Johnston, Principal Rollock, M. A. Boyd and Admirable Crichton (the two last, men of rare genius and accomplishments), Dr. Arbuthnot, Thos. Blackwell, Thos. Gordon, David Watson, Patrick Hume (a profound and elegant Scholar—Editor of Milton—little known, though of singular merit). Dr. Adam of the High School, Professors Young,

Moore, Dunbar, Sandford, Dalzell, Dr. Hunter of St. Andrews, Dr. Doig, Lord Monboddo, Dr. Leyden, Dr. Nicol, Dr. Murray (all three pre-eminent as scholars and Linguists). To these add the celebrated Eastern Traveller Burnes, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Crombie, Dr. Jas. Gregory, Dr. Beattie, Wm. Richardson, Sir Wm. Drummond, H. M'Kenzie, Lord Abercrombie, Lord Craig, Dr. H. Blair, Dr. Irving.

MATHEMATICIANS.—Napier, David and James Gregory, C. M'Laurin, Simpson, M. Stewart, Leslie (Sir John), Playfair, Robison, Keill, Ferguson, Holybush, Bessantin, Liddel, Glennie, Craig, Bryce, Webster, Wallace, G. Sinclair, A. Anderson, E. Stone, Professor Wallace, Sir David Brewster.

NATURALISTS.—Morrison, John Abercrombie, Smellie, A. Wilson (Ornithologist), Patrick Blair, Rev. G. Lowe, Dr. Roxburgh, Alton, Alston, James Sutherland, Forsyth, Sir R. Sibbald, Dr. Fleming, Sir Wm. Hamilton, Dr. R. Jameson, Sir Wm. Jardine (Ornithologist), Captain Brown (Conchology), Professors Graham and Rutherford, Dr. Francis Buchanan (Botany).

EMINENT PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.—Henry Blackwood (University, Paris), Durcan Liddel, Sir And. Balfour, Dr. Pitcairn, Sir Alex. Dick (Prestonfield), Three Munroes (Alex. Primus, Secundus, and Donald), Cullen, John and James Gregory, Baillie, Buchan, Abernethy, three Bells (Benjamin, Sir Charles, and Henry), George Fordyce, Sir William Fordyce, Dr. William Crookshanks, two Hamiltons, two Duncans, two Thompsons, Sir John Pringle, Cheyne, Brown, Currie, Sir Robert Sibbald, Monteith, Douglas (James and John), Abercrombie, Liston, two Lizars, Knox, Alison, Wishart, Gordon, Christison.

EMINENT DIVINES.—Knox, Melville, Erskine of Dun, Spottiswood (Superintendent of Lothian), Pont, Balnaves, Craig, Thomas Jack or Jackeus, Alexander Ales, Bishop Patrick Forbes (Corse), Professor John Forbes, Archbishop Leighton, Bishop Patrick Scougal, Professor John Scougal (author of the life of God in the soul of man), Robert Baillie, H. Binning, Principal Rollock, Dr. W. Guthrie (Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and afterwards Principal—understood thirteen languages, among which were Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, and Ethiopic, and wrote Latin with almost Augustan elegance), his colleague David Dickson, equally eminent, Robert Blair (grandfather of another eminent Scottish clergyman and poet of the same name, author of "The Grave," and great-grandfather of the celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair, and Robert Blair, President of the Court of Session), Robert Bruce, George Gillespie, John Douglas (Bishop of Salisbury), Robert Douglas (a distinguished Preacher of the seventeenth century), Robert Boyd (successively Principal of the Colleges of Glasgow and Edinburgh, a most learned and eloquent Divine and elegant Latin poet), his cousin Zachary Boyd (a learned, ingenious, and eloquent Divine for the age in which he lived, with a genius for poetry of no mean order), John Livingston (one of the most revered names in the annals of the Scottish Church), Samuel Rutherford (a Divine of powerful and impressive eloquence and matchless zeal), Thomas Smeton, Thos. Halyburton, Principal Strang, Archbishop Spottiswood, Chas. Leslie (author of Short Method with Deists), Principal Carstairs (one of the best and greatest men his country has produced), Dr. James Durham, Bishop Burnett, Bishop Sage, Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, Dr. John Erskine, Dr. John Anderson, Robertson, Carlyle, Drysdell, M'Laine, Walker, Gerrard, Campbell, Macnigh, Logan, Fordyce, John Brown (Haddington), Sir H. Moncrieff, Dr. And. Thomson, Dr. Ingles, W. L. Brown, Barclay (founder of the sect of Bereans), Dr. J. Dick, Dr. Lawson, Witherspoon, J. Finlayson, Dr. Hill, Alison, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Brunton, Dr. Henry Hunter, Dr. M'Crie, Dr. Jameson.

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Dr. Doig, Lord
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(Kaimes) Dundasses of Arniston (James and Robert), Robt. Dundas, President, (father and son), Sir Thos. Hope, John Erskine of Cardross (Professor of Scots Law), Jas. Dalrymple (Visct. Stair), Sir Jas. Balfour (Commissary), President Blair, Lord Braxfield, Henry Erskine, (L. Chancellor) Erskine, Wedderburn (Longborough), Brougham, Lord Mansfield, Pat. Murray, (Lord Elibank), Tytler (Woodhouselee), Sir D. Dalrymple (Hales), A. Fletcher (Milton), David Hume, Geo. Joseph Bell, Robt. Bell, Lord Gillies, John Murray, Jeffrey, Cranstoun, Clerk, Moncrieff, Cockburn, Serjeant Spankie, Sir J. Campbell (present Attorney General of England).

STATESMEN.—Beatons (Archbishop), John Maitland (Lord Thirlstane), Ham-
ilton, Kennedy, Elphinston, Regent Morton, Regent Murray, Maitland of Leth-
ington, Sir Robert Murray, Leslie (Bishop of Ross), Buchanan, Archibald Camp-
bell (Marquis of Argyle), Archibald Campbell (Earl of Argyle), John Duke of
Argyle, Earl of Stair, Lord Warristown, Hume (Earl of Marchmont), Sir Geo.
Lockhart (Lee), Earl Marischal, Bishop Burnett, Carstairs, Archbishop Spottis-
wood, Sir Robert Spottiswood, Sir Patrick Hume (Earl Marchmont), Hugh
Campbell Hume (third Earl of Marchmont), President Forbes, Geo. M'Kenzie
(first Earl of Cromartie), Sir Geo. M'Kenzie, Andrew Fletcher of Salton Lord
Milton, A. Cunningham (fifth Earl of Glencairn), Earl of Bute, Earl of Lauder-
dale, Earl of Haddington, Aberdeen, Francis Horner, Sir Jas. Mackintosh, Lord
Melville, Lord Erskine, and Lords Mansfield, Loughborough, Glenelg, Sir Geo.
Murray. Sir John Malcolm, Sir Thomas Munroe, Earl of Minto, Abercromby
(Speaker).

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Marquis of Montrose, General Dalryell, Lord Dundee (Claverhouse), David and
Alex. Leslie, Marshall Keith, Lord Geo. Murray, Sir R. Abercrombie, Earl of
Stair, Lord Heathfield, John Duke of Argyle, Sir John Moore, Sir John Stuart
(Malda), Sir D. Baird, Lord Lyndock, Earl of Hopetown, Sir George Murray,
Earl of Dalhousie, Sir James Leith, Lindsay Earl of Crawford, Lieut. Col.
Campbell, Sir David Dundas, Earl of Minto, Sir Ronald Ferguson, Sir Colin
Campbell, Sir Archibald Campbell, Sir Wm. Stewart, Sir Jas. Kempt, Sir John
Malcolm, Sir Thomas Munroe.

NAVAL HEROES.—Visct. Duncan, Keith (Lord Elphinstone), Sir C. Douglass,
Paul Jones, Lord Cochran, Admiral Greig, Sir Pultney Malcolm.

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Wilkie, Kay, Aikman, A. Ramsay, Donaldson, Sir H. Raeburn, two Sims, Na-
myth, Gibson, J. Brown, Thomson (Duddingstone), Wilson, two Watsons, W.
H. Lizars, Nicholson, A. Geddes, John Ewbank (Landscape), M'Culloch, Gra-
ham, M'Nee.

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Burns, Playfair, Gillespie.

SCULPTORS.—Thom, Forrest, Greenshields, M'Donald, Paterson.

ENGINEERS.—Watt, Rennie, Telford, Stevenson, M'Adams, Jardine, Napier.

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termony), Dalrymple, Bruce, Mungo Park, Jas. Brown, Brydone, Moore, Wilson
(Ornithologist), Leyden, Sir A. M'Kenzie, Heron, Ross (Sir John) Dr. Bu-
chanan, Hall, Major Peddie, Clapperton, Landell, Laing, Burnes, Dr. Richard-
son, Stuart, Capt. Hamilton, Francis Buchanan, M. D. John Duncan Cochran,
David Douglas (Botanist).

If we turn our attention to the Laws and Institutions of Scotland, it will set,
in a not less striking point of view, the wisdom, genius, spirit, and liberality of
the nation—nor will our admiration fail to be greatly enhanced, when we take
into account the extremely disadvantageous circumstances under which her admir-
able Laws and Institutions have been framed. For ample information on this
interesting subject, I refer the inquisitive reader to the "Book of Scotland," by
Robert Chambers, and to Blackwood's Magazine, No. CCXXVIII. Nov. 1834,
entitled "The Old Scottish Parliament." The whole article is well-worth an

attentive perusal. We subjoin the following extract from it, in which the writer recapitulates and sums up the principal points of his argument:

"From the preceding enumeration, imperfect as it will appear to all persons acquainted with Scottish jurisprudence, it is evident that the wisdom and public spirit of the Scottish Parliament, anterior to the Union, had not only procured for the people of Scotland all the elements of real freedom, but had effected a settlement on the most secure and equitable basis of all the great questions which it is the professed object of the liberal party to resolve in a satisfactory manner at this time. It appears, that above 200 years ago, the Scottish Parliament had not only effected a settlement, on the most equitable footing, of the difficult and complicated question, so as to relieve entirely the cultivators of that burden, but established an admirable system of poor laws, the efficacy and security of which have been proved by the experience of three centuries; provided an effectual remedy against the evils of arbitray or illegal imprisonment; established a complete and universal system of public instruction; introduced a humane but effective system of criminal law; giving to the meanest prisoner, charged with an ordinary offence, the same privileges which the English law concedes only to state offenders accused of high treason; awarded to all prisoners the right of being defended by counsel, and heard by them upon the evidence; provided for the protection of the poor in litigation against the rich; laid the foundations of an admirable system of banking, the security and benefits of which subsequent experience has abundantly verified; afforded a humane relief to insolvent debtors, so as to check completely the evils of prolonged imprisonment; extended their care even to the aliment of poor prisoners in jail unable to provide for themselves; established that retrospective period in bankruptcy, which English wisdom did not adopt for a century afterwards; gave absolute security to the cultivators of the soil in the enjoyment of their leasehold rights; effectually prevented the oppression of the husbandman by the exactions of middlemen, or the distraining for more than their own rents by the owner of the soil; never admitted the hideous injustice arising from the corruption of the blood in cases of high treason, but limited the punishment to the person and movable estate of the transgressor; established an admirable and universal system of registration for all titles and mortgages relating to real property; introduced a lucid and intelligible system for the conveyance of landed estates, and the burdens created thereon; brought cheap justice home to every man's door by an unexceptionable system of local courts; provided for the just and effectual prosecution of crimes by the establishment of a public officer intrusted with the discharge of that important function; gave a comparatively ready access to creditors against the real estates of their debtors, and allowed execution to proceed at once against the person and estate of the debtor. Whether these were important objects to have been gained, great and glorious attempts to have been made by the Parliament of a remote, inconsiderable, and distracted kingdom, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, we leave it to our readers to judge; but this we will affirm, that if they were not, then is the whole liberal party of Great Britain at fault, and wandering in the dark at the present time; for almost the whole objects, for the acquisition of which they profess such anxiety in England in the middle of the nineteenth century, were secured for Scotland by ~~her~~ native legislature before the end of the seventeenth.

"And let not our southern readers be carried away by the sophism, so frequently employed by persons ignorant or desirous to conceal the truth on the subject, that Scotland has thriven, not from any efforts of its native legislature, but from the influence of British freedom. We wish to be just; we acknowledge with gratitude the great benefits which Scotland has derived from the Union; we are thankful for the cessation of internal British war, and feel the full advantages which have resulted from the opening of the British market, the stimulating influence of British capital, and the generous gift of British treasures; but when we turn to the statute-book, and examine what improvement the laws of Scotland have received from the Union, we are constrained to admit, that, with the excep-

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near to all persons wisdom and public only procured for effected a settle- tions which it is ry manner at this ment had not only ult and complica- that burden, but ecurity of which ded an effectual established a com- mane but effec- charged with an esides only to state right of being d for the pro- undations of an subsequent expen- dent debtors, so ended their care for themselves; wisdom did not titivators of the d the oppression ining for more e hideous injus- son, but limited or; established and mortgages em for the con- nt cheap justice urts; provided ent of a public ve a compara- rs, and allowed tor. Whether ns attempts to and distracted we leave it to ot, then is the e dark at the hich they pro- , were secured th.

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tion of the act abolishing ward holdings, and heritable jurisdictions in 1746, Scotland hardly received any legislative amelioration during the whole of the eighteenth century, and that was not conferred by the benevolence of English wisdom, but extorted by the terrors of the highland broadsword. The vast improvements in our criminal practice which have taken place within the last twenty years were not owing to any admixture of English legislation, but to the admirable wisdom and experienced sagacity of Sir William Rae, the Scotch Lord Advocate, who followed out solely and exclusively the principles of Scotch jurisprudence. Four great changes only of late years, we admit, are of English origin. The Reform Bill, the Borough Reform, the Introduction of Trial by Jury in civil causes—for it had existed from the earliest period in criminal—and the immense change in legal forms introduced by the Judicature Act. Whether they are improvements or not, time alone can show, and a half century will not determine with accuracy; but so far as experience has hitherto gone, we believe there are few Scotchmen, even of the reform party, capable of judging on the subjects, who do not already secretly regret our ancient institutions, and the hands in which political influence was placed by our original constitution.

“And if Scotland have prospered solely in consequence of the external influence of England, and in spite of the tyranny and selfishness of its native legislature, how, we would ask, has the same influence proved so destructive to Ireland? When we turn to that country, we hear nothing from the liberal party, but vituperation and abuse of the cruelty, injustice, and tyranny of England; the whole wretchedness, crimes, and suffering of its unhappy people are, without hesitation, ascribed by the whole Whigs and Radicals to the blasting influence of English ascendancy; but yet that same ascendancy, we are told by the same party, was the sole cause of the prosperity of Scotland, and despite the tyranny of its native rulers, overspread the land with plenteousness. Will they be so good as to tell us how the same foreign ascendancy, which to Ireland was the Simoom of the desert, has proved to Scotland only the zephyr of spring? Will they explain how it happened that the English statesmen lavished their wisdom on Scotland during the seventeenth century, to the exclusion of their native country; and that no traces in the English statute-book were to be found of those admirable principles of legislation which, for two centuries have been established in Scotland, till the days of Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Brougham? Will the numerous foreign and domestic vituperators of the old Scottish institutions be kind enough to point out the English model from which any of the admirable ancient Scottish statutes we have mentioned were taken, or specify the name of the English monarch, minister, or legislator, whose influence or authority procured the enacting in its native Parliaments of any one of these truly wonderful laws? They cannot—we defy them to point out the slightest trace of English influence or example in any of these monuments of native wisdom; and, in fact, before the union of the crowns, the Scottish Parliament were so thoroughly exasperated against their southern neighbours, that it would have been sufficient to ensure the rejection of any measure, that it had been supposed to have emanated from English influence; and after that event, till the union of the kingdoms, the inhabitants of South Britain were too much occupied by their intestine quarrels to have any time to bestow a thought on their savage neighbours to the north of the Tweed, excepting as to sowing the seeds of dissension or corruption among their nobles, a mode of government in which they were for long but too successful.

“In truth, the early precocity of Scotland in legislative wisdom, and the extraordinary provisions made by its native Parliaments in remote periods, not only for the well-being of the people, but the coercion alike of regal tyranny and aristocratic oppression, and the *instruction, relief and security of the poorer classes*, is one of the most remarkable facts in the whole history of modern Europe, and well deserving of the special attention of historians and statesmen, both in that and the neighbouring country.”

Notwithstanding the great length of the preceding extract, I am confident that my Scottish readers will pardon the introduction here of the following spirited reply from the same article, to a taunt which had been thrown out by the celebrated O'Connell against Scotland, implying that she was indebted for the preservation of her independence less to her valor than to her poverty. These remarks have a close bearing on that part of the sermon which is referred to in Note (K).

"What the Scottish nation has done to maintain its independence, is well known to every person having a smattering even of historical information. It is a pleasant joke for Mr. O'Connell, doubtless, to tell his Irish supporters, that the Scotch were never conquered, because they were not worth conquering; but if he had read the annals of his own, or the neighbouring state, he would have learned that while Ireland was conquered at once by Henry II. with 1100 knights and 2000 foot soldiers, and has ever since been retained in subjection by a force considerable indeed when compared with the magnitude of its population, Scotland has been invaded, not once, but twenty times, by English armies, sixty, seventy, and eighty thousand strong, and on all these occasions, they were, in the end, baffled and repulsed; that, though never possessing a fifth part of the population of England, nor a tenth part of its wealth, she maintained, during three centuries, (from 1300 to 1600,) an almost uninterrupted struggle with her gigantic neighbour; that the utmost efforts, during this long period, were made by the English monarchs, and made in vain, for her subjugation; that if she suffered during this long period much devastation and injury from the English arms, she inflicted nearly as much as she received; and that, though often reduced to grievous straits from the divisions and treachery of her nobles, the sterility of her soil, and the indiscipline of her armies, she was, to the last unsubdued, and finally saw her own monarchs ascend the throne of the three kingdoms. He would have learned that the power which at once beat down the clans of Ireland, which waged a doubtful war of a hundred and twenty years' duration with France, which repeatedly marched across the whole territory of that great nation, crowned its own king within the walls of Paris, and exhibited that of its first-rate opponent a captive within those of London, was never able, permanently, to subdue a foot of Scottish land: that the splendid chivalry of England ever recoiled in the end from the stubborn spearman of Scotland; that the greatest defeat recorded in the English annals, came from the unconquerable bands of Robert Bruce, and that it required all the glories of Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincour, to blazon over the fell defeat of Bannockburn. It is truly a proof of the march of intellect, of the prodigious spread of information which the diffusion of newspapers and the growth of democracy has produced, to see a popular Irish demagogue venture to hazard the assertion before a meeting of electors in the British dominions, that Scotland was never conquered because it was not worth the taking; and to hear that sentiment applauded by an assembly in a nation which was conquered by eleven hundred knights, and has never since been able to face five English brigades, in presence of the descendants of those who hurled back twelve English invasions, many of them led by English monarchs, at the head of forces twice as great as the Britons who vanquished Napoleon on the field of Waterloo."

NOTE (P).—I submit the following extract from the *Tales of a Grandfather*, by Sir Walter Scott, Ch. VII. towards the beginning, with a view to illustrate the representation here given of the migratory and adventurous genius of the people of Scotland. This spirit, it appears, has at no period been confined to the younger sons of the nobility and gentry, whose want of hereditary fortune, coupled with the poverty of their country, and the lack of any suitable field for the exertion of their talents, compelled them to repair to foreign lands; but has in an equal degree extended to the lower orders of the people, and manifested itself in a very remarkable manner before the admirable system of Parochial Education had given to knowledge that happy universal diffusion, which it has recently obtained:

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"The Scottish people were soon made sensible, that if their courtiers and great men made fortunes by King James's favour, the nation at large was not enriched by the union of the crowns. Edinburgh was no longer the residence of a Court, whose expenditure, though very moderate, was diffused among her merchants and citizens, and was so far of importance. The sons of the gentry and better classes, whose sole trade had been war and battle, were deprived of employment by the general peace with England, and the nation was likely to feel all the distress arising from an excess of population. The wars on the Continent afforded a resource peculiarly fitted to the genius of the Scots, who have always had a disposition for visiting foreign parts.

"The celebrated Thirty Years' War, as it was called, was now raging in Germany, and a large national brigade of Scots were engaged in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, one of the most successful generals of the age. Their total numbers may be guessed from those of the superior officers, which amounted to thirty-four colonels, and fifty lieutenant-colonels. The similarity of the religion of the Scots with that of the Swedes, and some congenial resemblances betwixt the two nations, as well as the high fame of Gustavus, made most of the Scots prefer the service of Sweden; but there were others who went into that of the Emperor of Austria, of France, of the Italian States,—in short, they were dispersed as soldiers throughout all Europe. It was not uncommon, when a party of Scots were mounting a breach, for them to hear some of the defenders call out in the Scottish language, "Come on, gentlemen; this is not like gallanting it at the Cross of Edinburgh," and thus learn that they were opposed to some of their countrymen engaged on the opposite side.

"The taste for foreign service was so universal, that young gentlemen of family, who wished to see the world, used to travel on the Continent from place to place, and from state to state, and defray their expenses by engaging for a few weeks or months in military service in the garrison or guards of the state in which they made their temporary residence. It is but doing the Scots justice to say, that while thus acting as mercenary soldiers, they acquired a high character for courage, military skill, and a faithful adherence to their engagements. The Scots' regiments in the Swedish service were the first troops who employed platoon firing, by which they contributed greatly to achieve the decisive battle of Lutzen.

"Besides the many thousand Scottish emigrants who pursued the trade of war on the Continent, there was another numerous class who undertook the toilsome and precarious task of travelling merchants, or to speak plainly, of pedlars, and were employed in conducting the petty inland commerce, which gave the inhabitants of Germany, Poland, and the northern parts of Europe in general, opportunities of purchasing articles of domestic convenience.

"There were at that time few towns, and in these towns there were few shops regularly open. When an inhabitant of the country, of high or low degree, had to purchase any articles of dress or domestic convenience which he did not manufacture himself, he was obliged to attend at the next fair, to which the travelling merchants flocked, in order to expose their goods to sale. Or if the buyer did not choose to take that trouble, he must wait till some pedlar, who carried his goods on horseback, in a small wain, or perhaps in a pack upon his shoulders, made his wandering journey through the country.

"It has been made matter of ridicule against the Scots, that this traffic fell into their hands, as a frugal, patient, provident, and laborious people, possessing some share of education, which we shall presently see was now becoming general among them. But we cannot think that the business which required such attributes to succeed in it, could be dishonourable to those who pursued it; and we believe that those Scots who, in honest commerce, supplied foreigners with the goods they required, were at least as well employed as those who assisted them in killing each other."

This passage affords satisfactory evidence of the romantic spirit of adventure by which the whole nation is animated. As military adventurers, they were to be

found wherever the sound of the trumpet was heard. During the wars between France and England, in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. two Scottish armies were sent successively to the aid of the former nation. The Earl of Buchan vanquished the English at the battle of Baugee, 1421, and with his own hand slew the Duke of Clarence, with whom fell a great many English Knights and Nobles. The great Earl of Douglas, surnamed Tyneman, went over with reinforcements, but was defeated and slain in the battle of Verneuil, 1424. The remains of this army were adopted as a lifeguard by the French king; an establishment which was continued for a great many years. But it was not merely as soldiers or traders that the Scotsmen emigrated in former ages. They were equally distinguished as literary adventurers. In Chambers' Dictionary, in the biographical account of Gilbert Jack or Jacheus, an eminent metaphysician and medical writer, and professor of Philosophy at Leyden, who was born at Aberdeen, 1578; the writer informs us, that "Scotland, which seems to have acquired a permanent celebrity from the numerous persevering and ambitious men it has dispersed through the world, was at no time so fruitful in its supply of eminent men, as during the lifetime of the subject of our memoir. Adolphus Vorstius, the colleague of Jack, in a funeral oration to his memory, mentions that at the period we allude to, there was scarcely a college of Europe, of any celebrity, which did not number a Scotsman among its professors, and most of the Scotsmen, celebrated for learning at that period—and they were not a few—began their career abroad. In the works or correspondence of the continental scholars of the seventeenth century, we frequently meet with the names of Scotsmen, now forgotten in their native country."

The late celebrated Dr. McCrie, in his lives of Knox and Melville, has most triumphantly vindicated his country from the reproach of inferiority in Science and Literature—a reproach originating in ignorance of her literary history, and the long and unpardonable neglect of her scholars and antiquaries—to investigate with due care her early monuments. At the present day this spirit of liberal curiosity with respect to our national antiquities, literary and historical, seems to be fully awakened. Editions of our early poets are issuing from the press, and two societies have been established, the Bannatyne Club in Edinburgh, and the Maitland Club in Glasgow, for the laudable purpose of redeeming from obscurity and neglect, whatever may be still extant of our ancient literature that is valuable. Had we collected into one view the various fields of action, and the not less various pursuits, professions, and enterprises of our countrymen who sojourned, or settled in foreign lands; and the influence which they exerted, and the effects which they produced by their energy and intelligence, prior to the union of the kingdoms, it would exhibit a most honourable monument of the spirit, talent, and genius of the people. But what would this be in comparison with the space which they have filled, and the important part which they have sustained on the theatre of the world, since the united arms and energies of the rival nations have carried the empire of Britain into both Hemispheres, and our colonies and our commerce have laid open to us all regions and nations of the globe. To calculate the amount of the contributions which Scotland has made to the greatness and glory of the British Empire; or the proportion which the number, the virtue, the valour, the intelligence, industry, activity, and enterprise of her sons actually bear to the other constituent elements—would, I am well assured, afford a result most honourable and flattering, even beyond the utmost pretensions of national vanity and ambition. It exhibits a spectacle at once the most instructive and the most gratifying to the mind of a benevolent philosopher, to contemplate one of the poorest and least considerable nations of Europe raised, by the force of her simple but effective institutions for the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of her people, to an elevation which the proudest and mightiest empire might well envy. The great father of philosophy, whose all-penetrating, all-comprehensive mind revealed to him the very source of man's power and empire over nature, would have rejoiced to see a nation so small, elevated by their early provident attention,

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to what he denominated the Georgics, (the agriculture) of the mind—in other words Education—to the foremost rank among the nations of the earth; confirming his own memorable aphorism, "Knowledge is power," and to adopt his own technical phraseology, forming an "*instantia singularia*" of its truth.

NOTE (Q).—It is of some importance to advert to this fact, with a view to account for a reproach which has been frequently brought against the national character. Among a class of adventurers so numerous and so widely dispersed, many of whom have left their country at an early age, before their principles could be well formed, and have sailed into the midst of a corrupting world with the ambition of raising themselves to fortune and power 'is not to be wondered if some have been found, who did no honor to the land of their birth; nor is it any matter of surprise, that impressions of an unfavourable nature have been conceived against our country by strangers, who formed their judgment upon the very partial ground of their observation of the spirit and conduct of such adventurers, for whose character, in many instances at least, their country can scarcely be held responsible. But if in estimating the character of our countrymen abroad, a due regard be had—as in all fairness ought—to their original condition of life, to their imperfect training in youth, to the absence of all those influences which are known to elevate, *generally*, the character of those in higher stations, by infusing into their breasts a juster sense and nicer feeling of virtue and honor; and if we reflect withal, that a great portion of these adventurers have left their country at an early period of life, before their minds were fortified, by religious and moral principles, to withstand the seductions of a corrupting world, and that all their thoughts and aims have been almost exclusively devoted to mercenary pursuits—that the whole business of their life has been "to buy, and sell, and get gain"—it will not be imputed to an undue national partiality on my part, if, not withstanding many exceptions, I claim for them as a body, a respectability of character, a correctness of deportment, and a degree of freedom from the blemishes and vices, incident to their situation and pursuits which, *if they do not raise them above the average merit of their equals in the new stations to which they have advanced themselves, will at least, if I am not greatly deceived, entitle them to a perfect equality.* Compare them with those who are still plodding their weary way in that humble sphere from which they have been elevated by the buoyancy of their own intrinsic merits and personal exertions—and not those with whom, though originally placed far above them in the social scale, they are associated and equalised by the force of their talents, industry, and perseverance, and you must confess, that what is so often cast up as a reproach to Scotland, becomes a just and solid ground of national pride.

All excellence is relative. The man who rises far above the meanness and obscurity of his original condition, though he may stand at a great distance beneath the highest elevation of human character, is entitled to a meed of fame proportioned, not so much to his absolute rank, as to the space over which he has passed in soaring above his native lowness and obscurity. How many of our countrymen, for example, who hold the foremost place in the colonies, were no better than hewers of wood and drawers of water in their native land; and let those who taunt Scotland with the Plebeian baseness of spirit and character, in this portion of her adventurers, tell us how many shepherds, labourers, ploughmen of their own country have earned the same honourable promotion by the same manly and meritorious conduct. It may be doubted, whether among all her trophies, our country can produce a nobler subject of triumph, than the general good conduct, and well merited success of that humbler class of which we speak, who are eminently entitled to the credit of being "*the artificers of their own fortunes.*" It will, I presume, be admitted, that generally speaking, our countrymen are *liberal*, though not *lavish*, and *ready*, though not *rash* in contributing, according to their ability, to every wise and well-digested plan for promoting the welfare of their country or mankind, to every pious, patriotic, charitable design.

NOTE (R).—It is indeed a singular fact, that all the truly national poets of Scotland have delighted to paint the character and manners of her peasantry. Her muse is *rural*, and loves to frequent the cottage fireside, to follow the steps of our manly and virtuous peasantry, in all their pursuits and pastimes, in all their homely joys and innocent, simple hearted recreations, and to express, in all the force and pathos of our country's inimitable Dialect—the warm feelings, the genuine workings of hearts, in which *honest nature* lives and reigns absolute and alone unimpaired by artificial refinement, uncontaminated by vice. The Doric Muse, in retiring—like the goddess Astræa, after the golden age—from a world which modern art, refinement, and learning, have rendered unfit for her abode, has found her last retreat among the secluded glens, the romantic mountains of the northern Arcadia, amid the lingering traces of the good old times, the days of patriarchal freedom and simplicity, “when thought was speech, and speech was truth.” But we fear that the mantle of Allan Ramsay will descend to no successor—and that the oaten reed of the Pastoral Muse—which first waked the echoes in the mountains of ancient Greece, and again greeted, with its sweetest simplest strains, the ears of the noble peasantry of a land *not less romantic, and now almost as classic*, as that which first heard the Sicilian, or Arcadian pipe—is doomed to eternal silence. We fear, that with the simple hearted swains of the olden time, and the simple manners and guileless feelings of an unsophisticated people, the magic strains of this most purely natural poetry are fled forever.

The exquisite beauty of Scottish song and Scottish music, both strictly pastoral, have commanded the unqualified admiration of the most severe and fastidious judges. Both have sprung from the heart, the soul of the people. The tones which they utter find responsive sentiments there, and leave no doubt of their proper nativity, of their original fountain. Need we wonder that a people, from whose heart the beautiful songs and melodies of Scotland have flowed, should be the favorite, the inspiring theme of all her truly national Bards. Allan Ramsay, Ferguson, Burns, Scott, have drawn their sweetest inspirations from this source, and like the giant of ancient Fable, their genius, if at any time it droops or languishes, seems to be revived, to be rekindled by the slightest allusion to the land which they love with filial devotion. The blue bonnet or the waving tartan, the heather bell or the solitary thistle, are never seen, never imagined, without giving a new pulse to the heart, without quickening into life, without kindling into flame the slumbering or the decaying fires of poetry.

“The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turn’d the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear.”

* * * * *

“Their groves o’ sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o’ green breckan,
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen.”

I subjoin in further illustration of the above remarks the following passage from Washington Irving’s reminiscences of Abbotsford.

“Our ramble took us on the hills commanding an extensive prospect. ‘Now,’ said Scott, ‘I have brought you, like the pilgrim in the Pilgrim’s Progress, to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts. Yonder is Lammermuir, and Smalholme; and there you have Gallashiels, and Torwoodlie, and Gallawater: and in that direction you see

Teviotdale, and the Braes of Yarrow; and Ettrick stream, winding along, like a silver thread, to throw itself into the Tweed.

"He went on thus to call over names celebrated in Scottish song, and most of which had recently received a romantic interest from his own pen. In fact, I saw a great part of the border country spread out before me, and could trace the scenes of those poems and romances which had, in a manner bewitched the world. I gazed about for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of gray waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach; monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees, that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile: and the far famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or a thicket on its banks; and yet, such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I beheld in England.

"I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts. Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave: he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. "It may be partiality," said he, at length; "but to my eye, these gray hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die!"

"The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied with a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in his speech."

The charm which a Poetry and Music so purely popular have spread over all the land, and the universal enchantment with which they have invested material nature, as if a mantle of heavenly hue and texture had been cast over it, can only be conceived and estimated by a mind of the Poetic temperament. Washington Irving, in the volume above quoted, records the following beautiful and simply impressive remark of a poor Scottish carpenter, on the power of the simple airs of Scotland, in lending enchantment to material nature:

"The Scottish songs, in general, have something intrinsically melancholy in them; owing, in all probability, to the pastoral and lonely life of those who composed them; who were often mere shepherds, tending their flocks in the solitary glens, or folding them among the naked hills. Many of these rustic bards have passed away, without leaving a name behind them; nothing remains of them but their sweet and touching songs, which live, like echoes, about the place they once inhabited. Most of these simple effusions of pastoral poets are linked with some favourite haunt of the poet; and in this way, not a mountain or valley, a town or tower, green shaw or running stream, in Scotland, but has some popular air connected with it, that makes its very name a key note to a whole train of delicious fancies and feelings.

"Let me step forward in time, and mention how sensible I was to the power of these simple airs, in a visit which I made to Ayr, the birth-place of Robert Burns. I passed a whole morning about 'the banks and braes of bonnie Doon,' with his tender little love verses running in my head. I found a poor Scotch carpenter at work among the ruins of Kirk Alloway, which was to be converted into a school house. Finding the purpose of my visit, he left his work, sat down with me on a grassy grave, close by where Burns' father was buried, and talked of the poet, whom he had known personally. He said his songs were familiar to the poorest and most illiterate of the country folk, 'and it seemed to him as if the country had grown more beautiful, since Burns had written his bonnie little songs about it.'"

NOTE (S).—The names of Burns, Hogg, Cunningham, are sufficient to establish my position in one of its points; and the list of Peasant Poets, which I have given above will amply corroborate it in the other. If I do not deceive myself, it would afford materials for one of the most interesting publications that has ever been given to the world, could we find a genius, to whom the subject would be congenial, to embody in a national work, the biography and poetry of the Peasant Bards of Scotland, of *inferior note*. I remember to have heard a song by a Buchanan Ploughman, which was a great favorite in Aberdeenshire, when I was a boy. This song, for Doric sweetness and delicate and simple artless tenderness, would throw into shade the more polished but less inspired Lyrics of more classic Poets. If a Poem, like Grey's Elegy be enough, and certainly it is so, to secure the very highest place in the temple of Fame for its immortal author, why should not the simple lay of the Buchanan Ploughman be recorded in connection with his own humble name—be perpetuated as the trophy of rustic sensibility and genius, or bloom as an amaranth over his simple grave. Such a work as that of which I now suggest the idea, would not only form a pleasing monument of the virtue and genius of our Peasantry, but would furnish a new incentive to the exertion of humble talents, by opening a prospect of Fame to those who might not rise on the Eagle Pinions on which Burns, and Hogg, and Cunningham have soared to immortality. Nor would it be an unacceptable service to the learned and philosophical world, to have presented to it, a faithful and judicious record of the lives, characters, and genius, of the humble candidates for Poetic renown. If the *great Magician of the North* has been able *in fiction*, to give such a powerful interest to the Cottage of St. Leonards, and its now canonised inmates, Douce Davie Deans, and Jeanie and Effie Deans; and not only to the lowest of the Peasantry, but to the gypsy Meg Merrilies, and the beggar Edie Ochiltree; if his inimitable pencil has eternised that wonderful creation of manly worth, generosity and noble mindedness, the *Prince of Peasants*, Dandie Dinmont, can we doubt whether it would be both interesting and instructive to trace in the sober natural coloring of truth, the progress—and to record the triumph—of human virtue and genius, in the lowest stations and to mark the trophies which are earned in the inferior realms of Parnassus by those "whose lot forbade them to climb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," or in whom "chill penury repressed their noble rage"—and if it could not wholly freeze, chilled at least "the genial current of the soul." Such a monument would serve as a beacon to guide future adventurers in the glorious pursuit of Fame, and point the way to some future Burns, who without such direction might have fallen far short of the mark which he was capable of attaining, or might have made shipwreck in so bold and perilous a voyage. But let us give the reader the same sentiment in the glowing strains of our national Bard:

"Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!"

In concluding these notes and illustrations, which have grown under my pen into a much larger compass than I had anticipated, I cannot but feel some apprehension lest I may be thought to have drawn too largely on the good nature and patience of the Society, and of those who may honor my discourse with a perusal. In extenuation of the liberty which I have presumed to take, I would remark, that the first notes in which I have described at some length the relation of self

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love to the social affections, appear to myself not only important in their bearing upon the history of the human mind and the fundamental principles of moral or ethical philosophy, but what is more to the present purpose, from their intimate connection with the analysis of the patriotic affection, which I have ventured to attempt, in the first part of the Sermon. The subsequent notes are all of them, as I trust my readers will perceive, necessary or useful for the elucidation or confirmation of the statements which I have hazarded; and I indulge the hope that the information which has been hastily gathered, and as I am very sensible, loosely and imperfectly embodied, may nevertheless be acceptable, if not instructive, to my readers, by bringing under their view in a short compass the outlines of a subject so interesting to the Society, and enabling them to form a more definite and correct estimate of the merits of Scotland, moral, literary and political.

It would be to my mind the source of most unfeigned satisfaction, could I feel assured that aught which I have advanced might, in any measure have the effect of arousing *at last* my countrymen, and especially the more influential portion of them in these colonies to a more vigorous, united and persevering assertion of certain important national rights and interests that have been sadly neglected or shamefully sacrificed, to the dishonor of our country and the grievous detriment of thousands and tens of thousands of our brethren, scattered through the wilds of Canada in a state of the most deplorable destitution with respect to religion and education, forming a striking contrast with their condition in the parent land. Had some portion of the funds, which Parliament have voted for many years past, been appropriated, as in all justice and equity they ought, to aid in making provision for the religious instruction of the Scottish settlers, the grateful attachment of that most respectable and intelligent body of our population and the increased prosperity of our best settlements and of the colony generally, would have amply repaid government for the performance of an act of moral justice as well as of sound policy. Is there not something that savours almost of ingratitude towards a people who have done so much for the British colonies in withholding from them all participation in the funds, that are lavished upon a more favored party—in numberless instances—where the claims are so slender that they could not bear to be stated without the appearance of ridicule; and what has been conceded most slowly and reluctantly to the importunity of our reiterated solicitations has been given from *casual and temporary funds*, in a manner to preclude the very possibility of gratitude, not only inconsistent with our acknowledged national rights, but I hesitate not to add, most degrading and insulting. Such they are in effect—I will not say that such was the view or intention of the *parent Government at least!* About ten years ago a despatch was received from the colonial office in answer to our repeated memorials, mocking us with a vain promise of immediate provision from funds alleged to have been placed at Lord Dalhousie's disposal. The sacred pledge and honor of the British Government in respect to their Scottish subjects in Canada, was, (shame to say) ingloriously forfeited, and to this hour has never been redeemed; and were the successive despatches which we possess to be published, they would look very much like a libel upon the successive administrations—and for my part I should not have believed it possible, that a government famed for high minded principles of policy, would have subjected itself to the charge—if not of a breach of faith—at least of shuffling and equivocating. Time will no doubt disclose what secret opposition from high quarters in the colony has intercepted the intended bounty of the supreme Government. In the mean time I will say, that the intriguers who have contrived to defeat our claims, will never be able to compensate the injury of withering—and alienating the affections of so important a class as the Scottish colonists of Canada. Under such circumstances, I do not wonder that there is so little union among the various classes of our population, that jealousies, heart-burnings, and distractions have embroiled and agitated the country, and that so little confidence is reposed in those who have hitherto conducted the government, or possessed influence in the management of public affairs. A more large and liberal policy is the only cure of the evils under which we labour. And while I

strongly express what I strongly feel, my deep and painful sense of the wrong—the iniquity of which his Majesty's Scottish subjects have so much cause to complain, I will unhesitatingly avow my conviction that the day is long past for entertaining the idea of *exclusive or partial establishments of any kind*—and no doubt the country is under vast obligations to the blind and bigoted infatuation of those whose cupidity or ambition, grasping at all, is likely, by a natural and just retribution to issue in *getting nothing*—nay in sweeping away the whole object of contention. Every day is adding new strength to the conviction, that until all partial invidious distinctions are removed, until equal regard is paid to all classes of his Majesty's subjects in proportion to their relative numbers and importance, and the favor and bounty of Government made to flow, not in narrow or exclusive channels, but in wide and diffusive streams to all, like the circulating blood in the human body, we can never know the blessings of union and peace. By the shallow, illiberal, and iniquitous policy heretofore pursued with such reckless pertinacity, the Government itself has thrown the apple of discord among our population, and damped, if not destroyed, the attachment of the best affected of their British subjects. It were infinitely better to withdraw altogether the destined provision for the support of religion (*the reserved lands*) than to give to a small fraction, or even several fractions of the population, while the mass is excluded—for this is only to excite and to foment dissension. Despairing, as I now do, of any fair or equitable arrangement to which many obstacles exist in the Parent Legislature, and not fewer certainly in the colonial authorities, I deem that our next duty is to oppose most strenuously and uncompromisingly, all open attempts—and to watch and prevent as far as possible, all secret intrigues to introduce any partial and exclusive appropriation which would be undoubtedly productive of the most lasting and fatal mischiefs—and would scarcely admit of any other than that last and most desperate remedy, *Revolution*. The only course it seems to me which is now advisable or even practicable, and which might still be of advantage to the colony would be to dispense, on principles of strict impartiality, pecuniary aid to new settlements, especially—for the purpose of enabling them to build churches, and to provide pastors, without any preference of sect or party, and to continue this aid until the wealth and population of the settlement should warrant its being withdrawn. It is impossible to anticipate which of the religious communities now existing shall be the most numerous and influential—and the principles now suggested would have the great advantage of leaving things to take their natural course and would be accommodated to all future changes—even such as cannot now be foreseen.

For these sentiments to which I have thus freely given expression, I alone am responsible. I submit them to the good sense and candor of my countrymen, and to the public generally, under the conviction, that if all do not admit their truth, it will at least be acknowledged by all, that the importance of a *speedy* decision of this momentous question, is only second to that of a *right* decision.

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